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COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
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THE GARDEN

(dated March 17th, 1917.) Other interesting articles in this number are:—"The Allotment Week by Week," by A. CECIL BARTLETT; "Dry Wall Garden at Mounion House—II," (illus.), by H. AVRAY TIPPING, M.A.; "Apple Anne Elizabeth," (illus.); "Sprouting Broccoli"; "Seed Taps"; "Notes on Vegetables"; "Gardening on the Week."

This week's Poultry Supplement contains useful advice on:—"When the Chicks arrive"; "Accommodation Structures"; "The Breeding Question."

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F. M. Sutcliffe.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

The charge for Small Estate Announcements is 12s. per inch per insertion, the minimum space being half an inch, approximately 48 words, for which the charge is 6s. per insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

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THE EMPIRE OF TO-MORROW

NO after-the-war problem is of greater importance than the policy of the Empire as a whole. Each component part has questions peculiar to itself, but each must also assume responsibility for Imperial policy. The gathering together in council of representatives from all the wide-spread Dominions of the King is a landmark in history. It begins a new chapter. Before the war such an event would have appealed chiefly to sentiment, an embodiment of the principle that blood is thicker than water. But our kin beyond the sea have shown their faith in that adage by deeds more eloquent than words. Without compulsion, without any written agreement, they have entered heart and soul into this European quarrel. The plotters of Berlin did not believe it possible. It was

part of their calculation that an Empire, apparently the most loosely bound in history, would not bear the strain. There is full evidence that for a long time previously they had been doing their utmost to stir up rebellion and sedition in India, Australasia and Canada. Nor had they overlooked the chance of producing strife nearer home. But the Overseas Dominions disappointed their malignant hopes. Of their spontaneous will they sent their young men, their dearest possessions, to fight and bleed and die for what they recognised as a common cause. They strained their resources to find money and munitions as well as men; and thereby they have proved their right to a share in moulding the policy of the future. This is what we in Great Britain have to recognise fully and frankly. It becomes clearer if we imagine John Bull as the head of a great business and the father of sturdy sons. Fathers in ordinary life naturally treat their sons at first as children, helping them on, lending money to them and so on. But there comes a day when the fond parent, long accustomed to regard his offspring as a child, discovers that he is the father of a man. A man, too, who thinks for himself, chooses his own career, and has learned to act promptly on his own responsibility. The child has turned into a bearded man, strong enough amid the buffetings of fate to carve his own career. The wise father no longer thinks of him as a capable lieutenant. He takes him into full partnership.

John Bull has now arrived at this point. The war has changed the relation between him and his offspring. For an example take the new financial arrangement. Great Britain has been represented over and over again as the man with the huge purse always ready with money to lend, particularly to those of his own race. War has forced this country to borrow from her Colonies, a most significant fact when considered in regard to its effect on domestic relations.

The policy of increased productivity is as important to the component members of the British Empire as it is to the British Islands themselves. With the former, however, it assumes a very different form. What the Overseas Dominions require is closer settlement. What we need is a fuller development of our rural districts. It would not be to the advantage of Great Britain or in reality of that of the Colonies themselves to emigrate our population until British land is in a very much higher stage of development. Then, when our statesmen have managed to bring into being a numerous and healthy rural population, it would be the time to encourage the surplus to join our kinsmen Overseas. But merely to make these statements is to show the difficulty and intricacy of the problems that await discussion after the war. Just now the main point is that the brains of men like General Smuts should be utilised for war purposes.

But there never was a time in which statesmen from all parts of the Empire have been more favourably inclined to frank and full discussion of the vital interests of the Empire. We have shed our blood together. It has been proved in this war that the young men of the Old Country still show that manly valour which enabled their great, adventurous ancestors to build up the Empire, and that the sons of those who have gone to the most remote corners fall in no way short of the high standard set them. Where all are peers there is no comparison; but men who have fought on the same side and on the same field are joined together by bonds far stronger than any other that can be imagined. It was the most warlike of our English kings who called his soldiers "a band of brothers." But although brothers, men may have many thorny problems to unravel, and there can be no reasonable call for one to yield more than another. All we say is that while the warm blood of companionship is pulsing through their veins is the time to discuss and settle points of possible difference that exist between them; and they are agreed upon the one great principle that the policy of the future should tend ever more towards the development of the Imperial resources, and this will be attained by each country or division doing its particular bit.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of the Countess of Feversham, her elder son, the Earl of Feversham, and her daughter. Their father, the second earl, was killed in action last year, and his son succeeded him at the age of ten.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY



• NOTES •

THREE is no problem of the hour which looms more fatefully over all the nations, even those that are neutral, than the increasing scarcity of food. It is not wholly due to the war, but to a phenomenon that does not occur more than once in half a century, namely, the failure of a crop simultaneously in all the different parts of the world. It usually happens that dearth in one country is made up by abundance in another, but for once this has not happened. Wheat and potatoes, the two staple foods of mankind, have failed or partially failed simultaneously in every country of the world. The facts must be looked frankly in the face. Even the German Food Controller has warned his people that before the next harvest is gathered there will be want and misery. In France the case, though a little better, is still very serious. France can pull through this year, but, unless special preparation is made, will have to deal with a serious deficit in the food supply in 1918. This is independent of whether the war ends or not. Indeed, the general impression is that if peace were proclaimed the food situation would become still more acute.

IN this country the great deficiency is that of potatoes. We are suffering from a bad crop and also paying the penalty of shortsightedness. At the beginning of the war it was urged week after week with what perhaps some of our readers thought "damnable iteration" that the policy of those who are unable to take active part in the war could be summed up in the words "increased productivity." This evangel was the result of very careful study in years long antecedent to the war of what had taken place in the other great struggles for mastery between rival nations. Pitt told the citizens of London, in a phrase which they ever afterwards carried in their minds and cut in stone, that war makes money. But he did not add what is equally true, that it makes scarcity of food. You cannot take away the workers from nearly all the greatest countries in the world and place them in the field without incurring greater expenses than they would have incurred in times of peace. At the same time, their absence is a check upon production, and thus the spectre of famine is evoked as the attendant of that other spectre, war.

WHAT is necessary is that every possible means of cultivation should be massed at the farm ready to start at a moment's notice. Anybody with a pair of hands and a willing heart will be of some use. We might have said, anybody except the Government, which has relentlessly stripped the farms of their hands and refused to replace them with German prisoners of war, who are doomed to idleness in their captivity. The farmer, then, must do the best he can with the means at his disposal—that is to say, old men who have skill and experience though they are worn out; boys in their teens; women, including village women who have been accustomed to work on the land, and educated women, some of whom at least can adapt themselves very quickly to the conditions and do good work. The greatest need is for ploughmen.

Sir Arthur Lee talks a good deal about steam ploughs and tractor ploughs that he urges to work on Sundays as well as weekdays, and by the light of the acetylene lamp as well as that of the moon; but, whatever may be the future of such machinery on the land, the old, useful plough drawn by horses will have to do the work this year. A correspondent of one of the papers suggested that where men are scarce and horses plentiful, four of the latter might be yoked to a three-furrow plough. This would certainly expedite the work to some extent.

"I TOLD you so" is a very useless phrase, and on a memorable occasion was carefully avoided by the surest prophet of our time, the late Lord Roberts. He spent the last years of his life preaching to ears that were consciously deafened to him; but when the warning was fulfilled, instead of uttering reproaches, he devoted the last of his strength to the purpose of animating and encouraging his fellow-countrymen. It was a good example. But at the same time, governed as we are by statesmen who have shown no foresight, whatever the camp might be in which they are brigaded, it would be criminal not to urge effort and still more effort in view of the scarcity that threatens in 1918; in view, too, of the extraordinarily backward condition of cultivation at the present time. We are now getting towards the middle of March, and practically nothing has been done. The farmers had about a week of dry weather after the great frost, but during it they did not plough to the extent that might have been expected. Threshing and several other tasks were behind, and naturally it was hoped that March would bring some really good sowing weather. Then came the second storm, followed by a deluge, and land to-day, except on the very lightest soils, is uncultivable. Yet let us not forget that the month is March, and that it will bring with it opportunities, brief or long, for getting on with farm work. With every week that passes land now begins to recover its power of getting rid of water. The days are longer, the atmosphere less humid, and the roaring winds of the month dry the land more quickly than the sun dries it.

THE WRITER.

By day and night they hover near,
The words that sway the heart of me,
One, like a star, is shining clear,
One surges like the sea.

One holds the calm of dreaming skies,
And one floats down from Heaven to bless,
And this word laughs, and that word dies
Of its own loveliness.

One makes the tired spirit glad,
One brings the peace of ended pain,
And this word sings, and that is sad
As bluebells in the rain.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

IT is almost inconceivable that at the moment when the country is on its honour in regard to the consumption of food there should be people so lost to all ideas of honour that they are trying to make hoards for their personal comfort while others lack necessities. In a beleaguered city this would be regarded as a very serious offence and punished accordingly. Technically, it may not be an offence at law just now. The Food Controller has wisely avoided compulsory rationing, but that is the very best reason why the private citizen should be moderate in his use of food, so that he does not consume what may afterwards be needed to sustain his poorer neighbour. The obligation ought to be as plain as the nose on his face to every citizen. Yet it is not. Men who have purchased food in abnormal quantities are not ashamed to say so, and seem to miss the argument about moral obligation altogether. They need a sharp lesson in regard to the meaning of the word "honour," and we are glad to think that the Food Controller intends to make drastic use of the powers with which he has been endowed and, if need be, search houses where it is suspected food is hoarded and punish the delinquents. The latter would not have any sympathisers in these circumstances.

ACASE likely to become a precedent has recently been decided by the West Riding War Agricultural Committee. It was a test of the compulsion that can now be applied to the owner of land who objects to the ploughing up of pasture. The tenant of 743 acres wished to plough 145 acres of grass

and, subject to being enabled to do this, had contracted to the War Council for the sale of a crop of oats which was to be followed by a crop of potatoes. The pasture was described as good, and the landlord believed that the value of his property would be lessened if the tenant persisted in ploughing. But the latter was obdurate, and sent his proposal to the Board of Agriculture, which, in its turn, remitted it to the County War Committee. The War Committee investigated the matter on the spot and, being satisfied that the ploughing would result in a large increase in food in 1917 and 1918, they made an order converting 98 acres into arable. We believe this to be the first occurrence of its kind in his

SEVERAL times recently we have directed attention to the foolishness of so-called food experts and cooks who offer as advice to the British public that they should substitute oatmeal for flour. In Monday's issue of one of the most popular daily papers (which, by the by, seems to have got its information from a weekly paper belonging to the same ownership) it is suggested on an economy page that fine oatmeal should be used in cookery "to eke out the flour or as a substitute for flour." In mincemeat, oatmeal may be used instead of breadcrumbs to save meat, and the writer goes on to give a recipe for making an oatmeal loaf, whatever that may be. We quote this not for the purpose of criticising the writer, but to explain the stupidity in our system of weights and measures which makes such a mistake possible. In the same issue of the paper from which we have quoted the price of wheat is given at from 84s. to 86s. per quarter. That is for the very best samples of imported wheat. The quotation for English wheat was 82s. per quarter. At the same time, the quotation for oats was 56s. per quarter.

NOW, this looks at a first glance as though oats were cheaper than wheat, but the explanation lies in the difference of the measure. A quarter of wheat is assumed to weigh 50.4lb., a quarter of oats only 33.6lb. Anyone working out the figures on this basis will see that the cost of oats comes to 2d. per pound, whereas that of wheat is only about 1.7d. per pound; in each case we cut off an infinitesimal fraction. It is enough to show that the food expert who advises the substitution of oatmeal for flour is economising by saving dear flour by the use of still dearer oatmeal, which, as Euclid says, is absurd. Oatmeal products, whatever they are, wherever they come from, are in the way of developing into being luxuries as compared with flour products. Of course, one has only to look at any stores list to see that the cost of oatmeal is nearly double that of wheatmeal.

MR. JUSTICE LOW must have thought himself suddenly transported back to the Middle Ages when a learned lawyer actually suggested that the prisoners arraigned for conspiring to murder Mr. Lloyd George should be tried by ordeal. It says much for his readiness that he asked immediately if they were to walk over hot ploughshares. And it was fortunate for the prisoners that the advice of their Indian legal adviser was not accepted by the judge, as Mr. Riza appeared zealously desirous that his clients should essay the adventure of the hot ploughshares. Trial by ordeal in its legal form ceased to exist centuries ago, but in a rough and ready form it was continued by villagers, who even as late as the nineteenth century ducked an old woman in the horse-pond in the belief that if she were a witch she would be drowned, if she were not she would swim. That was, of course, the realistic interpretation of the doctrine. The romantic one was given by Sir Walter Scott, who loved to mingle in his story trial by ordeal and trial by combat. The most striking example was that of Bonthron in "The Fair Maid of Perth." Rebecca's trial by the combat between the Templar and Wilfred of Ivanhoe was dramatically weakened by the fact that her champion had not recovered from his wound, and his adversary was so agitated that he dropped from his horse.

IT is a pleasure to be able to announce that Mr. Paynter's book on Poultry is ready to appear. A cordial welcome should be accorded it, because at the moment the keeping of poultry is an important branch of food production, and will probably receive a great impetus during the spring months which are coming. Eggs never were more precious than they are to-day. Although they are more plentiful than in almost any other month of the year, there cannot be too many. Those who have to eke out their living by the help of their chickens are able to command a most unusual price for eggs this season, namely, something about threepence

each; while those who can afford to do so can send their overplus to those hospitals for the wounded, where eggs are very highly prized. Mr. Paynter has long won his spurs as a master of production, and it is well worth noting that his system is a profitable one when properly worked, even at a moment when the price of feeding stuffs has reduced men like Mr. Wilfred Buckley to despair. Either from eggs or chickens there is still a satisfactory profit to be obtained.

WHEN Sir Stanley Maude's troops are praised for the valour and endurance which carried them successfully through that difficult march from Kut-el-Amara to Baghdad, 110 miles in 15 days, and the spirit with which they attacked one position after another, credit is given them for qualities which have been evinced by British troops on every battlefield during the present war. What differentiates this enterprise from some that have preceded it is the thoroughness of the preparation, the perfect organisation of the food supplies and medical service, the thinking out of all details. The result is that the army of Sir Stanley Maude not only accomplished its immediate object, but is reported to be in a position to feed itself at Baghdad and to hold the town against any reinforcements that the Turks may be able to bring forward. We cannot be far wrong in regarding this as the fruit of experience gained, a sign of the wisdom that learns from failure. The feature has been noted with approbation by the Allied Press, which is unanimous in accepting it as an omen for ultimate and complete success.

ADIEU, LES AMOURS !

Loves we gathered lightly, just as fancy took us,
Little loves clave to us, all along the road.
Early in the morning greater gods forsook us,
Left us to our fortune—Ah! but these abide.

Once the high gods led us (Dusk ere dawn uncloses,
Trumpet voices pealing, sacrifice and flame)—
Singing birds we knew not, nor the breath of roses,
Till the gods forsook us, and the young loves came.

Loves we gathered lightly as the woods were waking,
(Dewdrop on the bramble, glory on the hill),
Little loves were tender to the torn heart's aching;
Little loves were constant; for they follow still.

Down the steep white highway, turn and see them trooping;
(Bats come out of hiding, purple shadows grow)
Loves we gathered April-wise carry wings a-drooping.
How we praised them, tended, watched them long ago!
Now . . . you would not know
Once we lost a heart-beat, if they felt a blow.

Little loves and faithful—they who served us only—
Leave them at the cross-roads with the setting sun.
True, the Others smote us—left us mocked and lonely;
But . . . we go to seek Them ere the day be done.

MARY ADAIR MACDONALD.

IN another part of the paper some particulars are given of the Danish Heatherland Society, which, in the course of a few days from the time of writing, will have attained its fifty years of existence. The formation of a similar society cannot be long delayed in this country, as we have the same problem to face that the Danes had—an urgent need for adding to the wealth of the country, and a large supply of unproductive land that can be made productive. Probably the history of the movement will develop on the same lines as it has done in Denmark and as it did in Holland. In each case only a very few enlightened men saw the possibilities of the movement, and agreed among themselves to carry it on. At first their efforts were flouted and despised. The agriculturist is a great man for believing in his grandfather, and no grandfather had suggested that heatherland could be made to produce fine crops through the agency of artificial manures. So the Danish Society had to struggle on for some years with little support either in men or money. But there is no argument so convincing as success. The man who ploughed his field with two milk cows and made them produce his domestic supplies of milk and butter at the same time turned out to be a benefactor to his country. He showed that where there's a will there's a way. To-day these lands are being cultivated with modern labour-saving machinery. They are bearing heavy crops, as the figures we quote prove, and the Heatherland Society of Denmark is as flourishing as the similar society in the Netherlands. Here is a lesson which English agriculture might very well take to heart.

WHAT THE DOMINIONS EXPECT

BY PERCY HURD.

I AM asked to say what the Dominions expect from the Imperial Conference which meets next Tuesday. The voting populations of the Dominions are almost as varied in origin and feeling as the populations of all Europe, and the limits of their residences extend from Pole to Pole. Obviously, therefore, in the space at my disposal I can only attempt to indicate in general outline what seem at the moment to be predominating opinions and expectations.

Overwhelmingly the Dominions desire the perpetuation of the British Empire. This is a great and governing fact, and it is as true of South Africa which stands at the one extreme of national development as of New Zealand which stands at the other. If, as the result of the approaching general election in Australia, Mr. Hughes should give place to some other Prime Minister, and if, as the result of the anticipated Canadian election of this summer, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal, should occupy the seat of Sir Robert Borden, the Conservative, the help of Australia and of Canada in carrying the war to a clean finish would be as whole-hearted and unflinching as it has been from the day when Germany pushed Austria-Hungary and us into the furnace. Mr. Bourassa, the French-Canadian Nationalist, is able and sincere, but he has about as much influence upon war politics in Canada as, say, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald has in England, and there is no reason to suppose that in South Africa General Herzog has any better prospect of overruling the policy of General Botha.

From this unity of determination in the prosecution of the war one certain result must follow. The Conference is summoned to consider especially (1) the conduct of the war, (2) co-operation throughout the Empire in dealing with after-war problems, and (3) the principles that should govern the terms of peace; and it is an enormous advantage that the Conference should open with the knowledge that just as the Overseas Dominions were in advance of England herself in foreseeing and resisting the German menace, so they are now foremost in their resolve to hesitate at no sacrifice to accomplish the end in view, that is to say, the overthrow of Prussianism in all its forms.

But the Dominions' share of the deliberations of the Conference will be severely practical rather than theoretical. The strategy of the war they have left and will leave to the more experienced war-directors of England. It is not from Australia and New Zealand, despite all their sacrifices, that complaint has come of the policy of the Dardanelles Expedition. Man power and money power, munitions and shipping supplies of food and raw materials—these are among the concrete matters in which the Dominions may be asked to extend their present aid, and it is safe to say that it will only be necessary to show them how they can give more direct and effective help and they will certainly render it.

But here it is necessary to enter an emphatic caveat. There may be many things that the Dominions expect from the Imperial Conference, but what they certainly did not expect was that their delegates should arrive in London to find that one of the subjects of mutual discussion had already been prejudged by the action of the British Government. I refer to the scheme of import prohibitions which Mr. Lloyd George launched in the House of Commons on the very day that Sir Robert Borden landed in England. No Minister has insisted more eloquently than Mr. Lloyd George upon the new spirit of co-partnership which this war has created between the self-governing parts of the Empire. In a message which he has just sent to Canada Mr. Arthur Henderson of the War Cabinet declares: "We have fought together, our sons have died together, and in the future more than ever in the past in matters of government and in the solution of great problems we should, as far as possible, take common and co-operative action." Yet on the very eve of the meeting of the Imperial Conference to give reality to this co-partnership British Ministers throw down upon the table of the House of Commons a scheme for the drastic exclusion of Dominion as well as of foreign goods and everything goes to show that this step has been taken without that detailed and sympathetic consultation in the making of the scheme which alone could ensure its success. "If," says a Canadian authority, "Canada and the other Dominions had set any limit to their sacrifices in this war, or shown any narrowness of vision, this want of consultation and consideration might be understood though it would be none the less unwise. As it is, the import

prohibitions so immaturity conceived have created a crop of diplomatic and commercial difficulties which should have been foreseen, and many of which would have been avoided had Dominion Ministers been taken into counsel when their counsel could have been of service."

If, then, you ask what the Dominions expect from the Imperial Conference, the first emphatic reply must be that they expect an end to this action before consultation in war measures vitally affecting their share in the struggle.

The second group of subjects to come before the Conference concern after-war problems, and, notably, demobilisation and land settlement and the replenishment of labour and capital. The Dominions have given both men and money without stint to the common cause, and above all else they will need men and money after the war to win fresh wealth from their illimitable natural resources. Forethought and careful co-ordination are essential if these oversea demands are not to obstruct the first claim which England herself has upon her own man and money power. There is no thoughtful Canadian or Australian who does not desire to see the Mother Country more self-supporting in food and essential materials, for she must remain the backbone of the Empire, and it is upon her industry and agriculture that the main burden of finance and defence must continue to rest.

But after this war, as after the South African War, the United Kingdom will most certainly be weakened by a large and indiscriminate emigration if our statesmen do not fashion their plans upon a broad Empire basis and fashion them now. How urgent is the need for consultation is shown by an incident of last month, when in defiance of the elementary facts of Canadian land ownership the Colonial Office appointed an Empire Land Settlement Committee upon which Australia was given seven representatives and Canada only one. It required the personal intervention of Sir Robert Borden to secure for the land-owning and other provinces of Canada the representation which was their due. On that type of subject also the Dominions expect as an outcome of the conference that consultation shall precede and not follow action.

After-war problems cannot of course be discussed without reference to the development of Empire trade by which we are to repair the ravages of war and guard against its recurrence. It may be assumed that the British Government will fulfil the oft expressed desire of the Dominions and adopt the unanimous recommendations of the Unionist, Liberal, Nationalist and Labour members of the Balfour of Burleigh Committee; that is to say, adopt Imperial Preference as the basis of the Empire's new commercial intimacy with France, Russia, Italy and our other Allies. A natural sequel to the Conference would be the appointment of Empire Trade Commissioners representing the United Kingdom and the Dominions to frame in conjunction with our Allies the definite measures which shall carry out the accepted principles of the Paris Conference and establish a Commercial Entente to supplement the Diplomatic and Military Entente and so enable us and them to reap the full fruits of victory in future strength, prosperity and independence.

The third purpose of the Conference set out in the invitation is to discuss the principles of the Treaty of Peace which have already been outlined in reply to Mr. Wilson. It has been said of the Congress of Vienna, which met after a quarter of a century of war, that it "was content to patch the tattered robes of kings without daring to devise a new garment for humanity." It will be the privilege of the Dominions in their share for the first time in International peace negotiations to set a new and happier fashion.

But, it may be asked, do the Dominions expect no new Empire fabric to be woven at this Conference? What of the declarations of Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Hughes and other Dominion Statesmen, that it is incompatible with democratic government and impossible of continuance that the Dominions should be launched into war because of undertakings to the giving of which they were not parties and as the result of a policy in which they had no share? Undoubtedly this responsibility without representation cannot go on, but the War Conference can do no more than lead up to a solution. It will, at the best, and in Mr. Lloyd George's words, "afford us some insight into the form" of these fundamental post-war problems.

A CONTRAST IN AGRICULTURE

THE DANISH HEATHERLAND SOCIETY

MANY of our readers will be glad to know that the Danish Heatherland Association is this year celebrating its jubilee. Like other associations of the same kind, it was frowned upon by the practical farmer and the landowner when it was founded on March 28th, 1866. It started with very few members and very little financial support. Nobody believed that the 2,400 square miles of idle and poor heatherland then supporting only a few game birds and rabbits could be brought successfully into cultivation, and it was easy to laugh at the first experiments when the poor peasants had to use for ploughing and harrowing the cows which supplied the homes with milk and butter. The Association, however, grew by growing. In the American agricultural journal, *Kimball's Dairy Farmer*, figures are given of the Fasterholt Farm, which can be read with great instruction to-day. It lies in the heart of the heatherland in Jutland, says our contemporary, and it is not a show place or "anything out of the ordinary." Nevertheless, the returns from the 53 acres of what had been hopeless waste in 1866 amounted in 1914 to 560 bushels of rye, 120 bushels of oats, 2,800 bushels of beets, 2,400 bushels of potatoes, between 7 loads and 8 loads of hay, and 2,800 bushels of carrots. Here, indeed, is increased productivity with a vengeance!

This would be a valuable return if the roots and cereals stood alone. But, in addition, Mr. Hansen delivered 61,000lb. of milk, and his 53 acres are very well stocked. In the year for which accounts are available they supported 10 dairy cattle, 10 head of young cattle, 5 to 6 horses and 25 to 30 pigs. Another point that will interest readers who have carefully followed the experiment at Methwold is that experience has shown in Denmark the need of a rotation of crops. The one on which he works is described as: potatoes, rye, leguminous plants, rye, beets and carrots, rye, clover and grass, clover and grass. The soil is light and sandy like that in Norfolk, and the crops that seem most adapted to it are potatoes and carrots. Of course carrots formed a staple crop on sandy land in Norfolk more than 100 years ago. We have seen accounts of them being sent to Ipswich and even to London. Potatoes do very well and are planted in

rows 20 inches apart and 20 inches between the plants. Farmyard manure is applied at the rate of 15 loads to the acre, supplemented by 170lb. of potash fertilisers in the form of kainite and 85lb. of phosphatic fertilisers as Thomas slag; 85lb. of saltpetre are added in the late spring. Great care is exercised to keep the ground well cultivated and clean, and the return averages about 450 bushels of potatoes of the Up-to-date variety to the acre. Land for carrots is well manured early in winter with farmyard manure and practically the same artificials as used for potatoes. The yield when the cultivation is intensive has been as much as 850 bushels to the acre. Full details of the treatment of all the other crops are given in *Kimball's Dairy Farmer* for February 1st this year, and they would well repay the attention of those who are interested in making very light soils fertile. The good Danish farmer steadily aims at increasing the fertility of his soil as he takes the yearly crops. One of his plans which would probably be of great use where the effects of a dry season are feared is to use plenty of green manure. In fact, the process is very much like that followed in Belgium. For the purpose of green manure, crops of lupins, buckwheat, clover, serradella, mustard, rye, rape, and so on, are used. In the Netherlands the tendency is to choose only leguminous plants, whereas it will be noticed that non-leguminous plants are freely used in Denmark. Another way of producing humus in the soil is by growing carrots, mangolds and sugar beets. From them excellent root crops can be obtained with good cultivation and the roots leave behind a good cutting of green tops which are ploughed in as green manure for the following crops. Artificial manures are freely used to supplement the stable manure, and the result of experience is to show that no soil pays better for artificial fertilisers than the light and sandy soil. In the article it is said that the same method is used by thousands of other poor-land farmers in Denmark, and that soil which used to be totally unproductive can now be made to produce good crops every year without being impoverished. "In most cases it is improving in fertility and state of sanitation from year to year, quite often allowing the farmer to 'save up for a rainy day' and to turn misery into prosperity."

PRISONERS REFUSED FOR THE LAND

SIR ARTHUR LEE, the Controller of Food Production, has been obliged to announce that prisoners of war are not to be employed on the land. The blame for this climax of maladroitness and mismanagement is laid on the War Office. On enquiry at the Food Production Headquarters, we were told, not, indeed, by Sir Arthur himself, but by one of his most important and well known coadjutors, that the Military Authorities base their rejection of the proposal on the difficulty of guarding them. They say it is not practicable to send them out in small squads and that more guards would be needed than can be spared. It is to be hoped that agriculturists will not let the matter rest at that. Nor can it be believed that Lord Derby can have gone carefully into the facts. What has been found possible and most profitable in other belligerent countries on the Continent, where the land frontiers can be easily crossed, is not impossible on an island where the frontier is the sea. The War Office is making a mountain out of a mole hill. If the difficulty had been approached with a single-minded resolve to induce these men to contribute to the maintenance of the country, instead of with the red-tape officialism characteristic of the War Office, it would have been overcome. At any rate, there is no apparent cause why we should not be able to do what the French and Germans have been doing from the time when the first captures were made. For just think how remote is the chance that a German prisoner in his right mind would try to escape. If the way were clear a large majority would prefer captivity in England to a return to the trenches. But what would happen if he ran away? He is not in the same position as his officers who, in many cases, speak our language, have means at their disposal, and can command a change of clothes. Fritz, unable to converse in English, forced to wear the German uniform and practically without money, would be glad to return if mad enough to try the adventure. In France even the peasant can get a single prisoner's help to water his small-holding. A full and authoritative account of the

organisation of the Frenchmen who organised this service was published in our columns, and it has been described also in the official journal of our own Board of Agriculture.

And if it were impossible, how did the Military Authorities take so long to find that out? They knew the urgent need of the men on the farms, they cannot be unaware of the growing menace of a serious deficiency of food, a deficiency that before long will make the cost of feeding these men a burden the nation will feel. Nor could they at the beginning have been wholly ignorant of agricultural conditions. It is a large farm that keeps ten men at work all the year round, five is much nearer the average. It would be convenient if they could be let out in twos and threes. But, at any rate, the proportion of land in small-holdings is considerably less in Great Britain than in any other European country. The French found by experience that a single guard was enough for several groups of prisoners provided they were working in adjacent fields. Our contributor, M. André Aron, described this in detail.

The present generation of Frenchmen learned thrift from the disaster of 1870, but it seems as though the privations of war have not yet taught us a similar lesson. For here is a very flagrant example of waste. Time and energy have been wasted as much by the military as the civilian. Committees have sat and taken evidence and reported, local authorities have been called upon to provide ways and means, farmers have met and agreed to take the number required, housing accommodation has been commandeered. Ink and paper have been wasted in notices and circulars. Greatest of all is the waste of opportunity. The farmer, on whom devolves the all-important task of providing food, is sorely behindhand with his work. In the past war and famine have ravaged, and that part of history is repeating itself despite the advance in civilisation. The German Food Controller has warned his people of the suffering that is coming. In this country we cannot escape it, and the new food supply will be extraordinarily welcome. To neglect

everything that will expedite it is either insane or criminal. Yet, with a neglect of economy that would have been reprehensible in our days of greatest prosperity, it has been decided to keep these potential workers in prison and spend money in feeding them rather than take some trouble to make them work for their food and in so doing help to increase the food supply of the country.

It is needless to urge it as a matter of humanity. To be a captive in a strange land has been regarded as one of the greatest misfortunes since the day of the Psalmist. During the war it has been noticed that among prisoners of every race the number of suicides has been considerable. The prisoner for whom work is found is better off than he who lives in enforced idleness.

THE CONQUEST OF BAGHDAD

IN winning Bagdad General Sir Stanley Maude has won his own spurs. His campaign in Mesopotamia has been watched with all the closer attention because the surrender of Kut and the capture of General Townshend had greatly lowered British prestige in the Near East. The victory may be regarded as the first fruits of a new departure in the military history of the war. In the early

It is natural that journalists and public men should be asking themselves what are the probable effects of this victory. Let us try to sum them up without either minimising or exaggerating. In the first place, the capture of Bagdad is a blow to Turkey from which it will be difficult for her to recover. Enver Pasha, before the actual fall of the town took place, boasted in the style of his German masters that all was



BAGHDAD, THE CITY OF THE CALIPHS.

A Bird's-eye View.

days nothing was foreseen; inadequate consideration was given to difficulties; and enterprises were launched that, in the words of a Minister, were then considered no more than gambles. But Sir Stanley Maude has left very little to chance in the conduct of his campaign on the Tigris. Six months were devoted to incessant preparation before the attack on Kut took place. Uninstructed opinion was impatient of the delay and complained that the army in Mesopotamia was doing nothing. In point of fact not a moment was lost. But railways had to be built and other elaborate precautions taken. When at length Sir Stanley Maude was in a position to strike, he did so with all his might. It is only now that we can estimate the extent of the defeat inflicted upon Turkey at Kut. Never were British forces more skilfully handled. By a clever ruse the attention of the Turks was directed to Sanna-i-Yat, while the main attack was made on the right-hand bank of the Tigris. Its character may be judged by the result. The Turks who up to then had defended their position stoutly and claimed even to have driven the British back, were so completely repulsed that they fled, scattering their possessions in the desert.

well at each of the Turkish fronts, though he admitted that in Mesopotamia there had been a retreat northward for military purposes, and for similar reasons there had been a corresponding movement on the Persian front. He must have had a great disillusion when the news was proclaimed that Bagdad was in the possession of the British. He must be aware that at the same time the Turks are being hard pressed by the well thought out campaign of the Russians in Persia, and their troops are being pressed out of the Sinai Peninsula. It is difficult to believe that the Turks can send reinforcements strong enough to retrieve the positions they have lost unless they can command the services of new German troops. But whatever Hindenburg's intentions may be, he knows now that there will be employment for every possible German rifle on the Western front, and that he cannot even expect to conduct a strong campaign this spring on the Russian front. While these facts remain as they are Turkey can expect no further help from Germany. Nor is it possible to see any solid ground for Enver's joy over the submarine campaign. The submarine has made much less difference to British Overseas

March 17th, 1917.



A TIGRIS RAFT OF INFLATED SKINS.



THE BRIDGE OF BOATS, BAGHDAD.

traffic than Central European critics care to admit. It may continue to be an annoyance to Great Britain, but is very unlikely to develop into a serious threat. On the contrary, the resourceful British Navy will sooner or later overcome it. Looking at the matter in the soberest fashion, therefore, it is very difficult to see how Turkey can recover from this blow. At the same time, we willingly admit that prophecy is never more difficult than in war. Things may turn out very differently to what we expect. On the other hand, there is the solid achievement of General Maude. He has won a great town to which the Turks attached the highest importance. True, the inhabitants are not predominantly of Turkish blood, they are for the most part Arabs who cannot possibly be sorry for the entrance of the British.

The effect upon Germany must be still more pronounced. It was a dream of the Kaiser and his advisers that a railway should extend from Antwerp to Baghdad, practically giving access to the rich, undeveloped lands of Asia and to the Persian Gulf. This dream, at all events, is shattered. For the time being Germany holds the starting point; but we, the terminus of this railway. What this imports may be gathered from an interview that a correspondent of the French *Matin* had recently in Switzerland with a German of high standing. In this striking article it was admitted that Germany could not now hope to obtain a crushing victory over the Entente Powers, that it is idle to talk about money compensation. The Powers are fighting one another to the point of exhaustion, and will not be in a position to impose financial burdens upon one another. What he

looked forward to was the gain of position for the next war. It was anticipated that Germany would have secured her road to the East, and thereby the power to obtain food supplies from Asia Minor, while the submarine would have established at least an equal balance on the sea. The capture of Baghdad altogether dissipates

this illusion. It is also the best medicine for curing those malignant diseases which the unscrupulous Germans have tried to disseminate among lands under the British Crown. In the past the prestige of Great Britain was unparalleled and unequalled in the East, no less among the Turks than among the Arabs and other Mahomedan races. Our blunders at the beginning of the present war overclouded all this for a time, but our presence in Baghdad will be spoken of wherever Eastern people gather, and is bound to have a potent influence on the healing of such sores and dissatisfaction as our enemies have been able to produce. Count Reventlow, Major Moraht and the other experts who write military articles have shown by their comments in the Berlin papers, and particularly by an admiration they find it impossible to conceal for the British thoroughness with which the campaign has been conducted, what importance they attach to General Maude's campaign. It will be extremely interesting to see in what way they comment upon the achievement of a result which to the last moment they declared impossible. They assumed that the Turks would recover as they did before, and they made the great mistake of underestimating the force of the blow delivered

at Kut. The victory will also help the German population to understand what is happening on the Ancre. By their deceitful *communiqués* the German military authorities have tried to turn their retreat into a triumph. We may admit willingly that it was a very skilful strategic movement to the rear; but a retreat is a retreat in

whatever way it may be explained. Marshal Hindenburg and the Kaiser may be contemplating the delivery of a counter-blow, but Sir Douglas Haig and his soldiers will await the event calmly and confidently. No impression yet has been



MOSQUE OF SHEIK ABD-UL-KADIR.



CROSSING THE TIGRIS IN "GOOFAS."

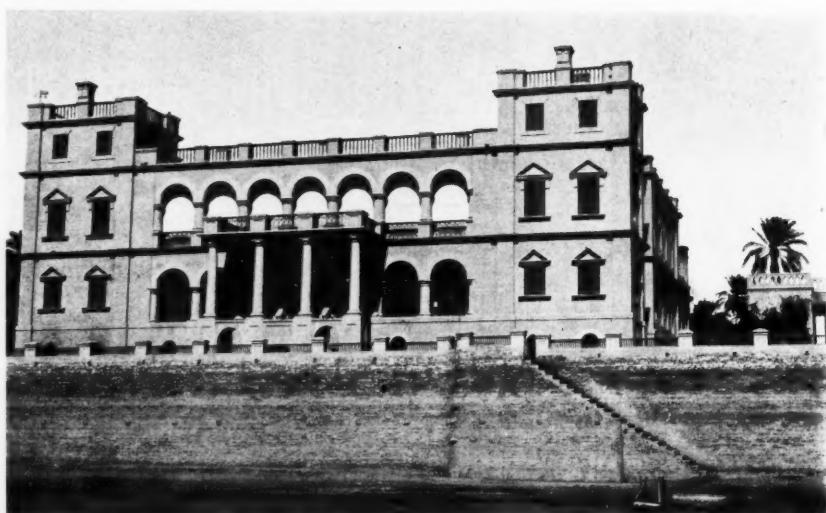


THE TOMB OF HAROUN-AL-RASHID'S FAVOURITE WIFE.

produced on the British Army, and it may be confidently assumed that it will grow stronger and not weaker as time goes on. The Kaiser has missed his opportunity.

It is impossible to leave this subject without dwelling for a moment on the unique character of the town that has now fallen into British possession. The city of Haroun-al-Rashid is incorporated in our first impression of romance and fairyland. There is no finer book of its kind than the "Arabian Nights Entertainments," and the fact that practically everybody has read it ensures in this conquest an interest and a publicity that would not have been accorded to many a larger and, in a sense, more important town. But the place is not small as towns in the East are reckoned. No one can say with any certainty what its population is, and the statements that it is anything

between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand are only guess-work, as no census has ever been permitted to be taken. The census is not a favoured institution in the Turkish dominions. Apart from this connection, Baghdad is adjacent to places whose names are familiar to us as household words. A tradition has assigned to a ruinous tower in the neighbourhood the name of the Tower of Babel. Babylon, that ancient city of magnificence and luxury, is close at hand. Its excavation has furnished pictures to the same photographer who is responsible for those we show. A still greater glamour lies over the district because near by is the supposed site of the Garden of Eden. Sir William Willcocks has come very near assigning its boundaries. Its lovely shades and grottoes will indeed be sought for in vain. Modern explorers have been less anxious to discover Eden than to learn in what manner the fertility of the soil may be again restored. The work of Sir William Willcocks and the articles characterised by a singular combination of erudition and practical sense were attracting a great deal of attention in the years immediately previous



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT BAGHDAD.

Even if after the war we severed our connection with this town, the incident of its taking would continue to be memorable. But our connection is not likely to be totally severed. The plan that suggests itself is to make Baghdad a protected



ARAB SPEARMEN.

to the outbreak of war. Mesopotamia has long been a blessed word, and the name itself conveys something of its vanished glory. The Tigris and the Euphrates are rivers that live, and must always continue to do so in history.

Arab city, secure alike from Turkish corruption and Turkish influence. The ancient splendour of the city of the Caliphs does not exist to-day. There is little to remind one of it except the British Residency, which is one of the best buildings in the city. But if antiquity has not left much behind in the shape of architecture, many curious habits and customs remind one of old days. Take the raft, for instance, of which we show a picture. It is used to convey grain and other goods from the upper reaches of the river to the town of Baghdad. Probably nowhere else in the world is there a similar raft. Its flotation is accomplished by sheepskins distended with air, borne by which it floats easily down stream. On arrival at Baghdad the skins are deflated and conveyed by road back to their place of origin once more.



ARAB MILKMAIDS.

OUR GARDENERS

BY ALFRED OLLIVANT.

THREE men worked here before the war. Now the place of the three men has been taken by one Boy and two goats. We bought them—the goats, I mean—in June at six weeks of age. It was the Woman's idea.Flushed with triumph, she came back from the village one evening to announce what she had done. Our fortunes were made! She had paid Mr. Trewen, our neighbour the butcher, 5s. apiece for two kids; and would I give her the money for them?

They should do the garden all the summer, labour being short. Next spring they should have kids of their own. We should sell the kids at a great profit, while the nannies would give their milk to our little daughter. When they were not giving milk to Rachel, they would be taking her out in a go-cart; and when they were too old either to give milk or take the family to church, we should sell them back to Mr. Trewen for purposes the Woman thought it unnecessary to specify. It was a great scheme.

Next evening kind Mr. Trewen and his little moon-faced daughter came to us across the lawn, bearing the kids in their arms.

The names of the kids were Primrose Mary and Bunty. Primrose Mary was black and somewhat haggard. In spite of her youth she had the air of a pious widow mourning correctly a husband who drank and beat her. Bunty was brown, alert, and obviously mischievous. She was a kid of this world and the fact that she did not attempt to disguise her frivolous mind was a part of her undoubted charm. Also Bunty had been born on the same day as our child, and in spite of all the Woman might say was already twice the girl.

The two kids were tethered on the lawn by our head gardener, the Boy; and there for some days they bleated for the excitements of the village green they had left behind them. Daily, at dusk, the Boy unloosed his assistants and took them into the stable for the night. If he did not come to the minute, the kids reminded him and us of his default. At dawn the Boy loosed them from the stable and led them back to the lawn. Primrose Mary and Bunty were always in an indecent hurry to get to the stables at night, and in equal haste to return to the lawn next morning. And much as I disapproved of their lightness of mind and fatal lack of poise, these were the times at which I liked them best.

When the Boy loosed the tethering ropes, the goats made a rush up the slope under the walnut tree for the stable. The Boy, the ropes held in his hands like reins, followed with grins at a floundering trot. He enjoyed the scamper; so did they. Indeed it was clear that the head gardener and his assistants were the best of friends. Youth, with its rare affinity of mind, bound them together. Once off the lawn the Boy always dropped the ropes. The kids, shouldering together like two team horses facing a hill, and tugging furiously against restraint, directly they felt themselves free ceased to fuss and walked about the yard with the repose that marks the caste of *Vere de Vere*. In their pride and independence at these moments they had about them something of the romance of the mountains from which their remote fathers hailed. And when they balanced on the top of the casks which by day served them for shelter from the rain and sun, I was rapt away in the spirit from this rich English village among its clms to the gaunt hills of the far Afriди country, and beheld once more men in skull caps and flowing robes, bandoliers over their shoulders, leaning on their rifles, as they watched over the herds that roamed the barren hillside and crowned rocks and bleated against the unchanging blue.

To be just to Primrose Mary and her friend, centuries of domesticity had not robbed them of the magic charm of the creatures of the hills. The spell of the wilderness was over them and us. They moved like girls at a dance, treading daintily, and our hearts moved with them. I loved to watch our goat-herd and his charges sporting together under the walnut tree at evenings. There was something of the older days about the scene, a pastoral touch, a hint of Greece, a suggestion of Israel. If the Boy had but owned a pipe and played upon it I could have believed myself back in the days of the *Odyssey*. At dawn, too, as I woke in my shelter in the garden, I would watch the same performance reversed: the kids tearing for their lives over the long grass, brushing under the walnut tree, down the slope for the lawn, and the lanky boy, their ropes in his hand, labouring behind them delighting in his toil. That was beautiful. It appealed to everything of the artist there may be in me.

Because of it I forgave the kids much, and I had much to forgive. For I had not bought Primrose Mary and Bunty to gratify my aesthetic sense; there is no room in England for artistry to-day. I had bought them to do a definite bit of work in a time of national crisis. They were there to help the Boy keep the garden; and their well defined function in that work, as they were perfectly aware, was to keep down the grass, which could not now be mown because there was nobody to mow it.

The goats proved a disappointment. They, and they almost alone of the inhabitants of the village, failed to rise to the occasion. In a word, they ate just as much as they wished to eat, and not one blade more. They had never a thought for the great purpose they were there to serve. Duty was for them a word; yea, a by-word.

Lying in my shelter overlooking the lawn I had them under close observation for six months. In that time I learned to despise those kids. While others on every side of them were making iron sacrifices, they—I say it deliberately—were content to play the goat. I could not appeal to their higher side, for it soon became only too manifest that they had none. To attempt to deal with them under the Defence of the Realm (Consolidated) Act would have been silly: When I suggested that they should at least try to eat a little more, they answered in loud and lamentable voice, "We cannot eat more than we can." I met them with the laconic "Sic muren." And there the matter ended. I would gladly Prussianise those goats; but I know not how.

Some days since, satisfied that they would never play the man, I determined to sell them back to Mr. Trewen. The Woman was aggrieved. I was adamant. "They have failed," I said, in the manner which we have all cultivated since the war.

The Woman admitted that they had not kept down the grass according to contract, but maintained, with an unseemly tenacity bordering, as I pointed out to her, on contumacy, that *next* year they would be bigger and therefore do better, that *next* spring they would have kids, that *next* summer and autumn they would supply Rachel with milk and take her to church, and that *next* winter we could sell them if we so wished at £5 apiece.

"I know *next* year, etc.," I answered, not without bitterness. "It never comes. No," I said, "those goats have failed. They will always fail. But *next* year they shall fail in somebody else's garden and not in mine."

I asked Mr. Trewen 10s. apiece for them. He offered me 7s. 6d. Knowing the exact worth of the goats, I took the money with an outwardly sullen and grudging air, as one who says, "I am being done down and I know it," but inwardly with glee. That was some days since, and I notice that Mr. Trewen has not come to fetch his treasures yet. They are still grazing on the lawn beside their tubs, bumping their empty heads together, playing at war instead of taking a noble if unpretentious part in it.

"DIRGE IN WOODS."

"Tell him there is ice on Bassett's Pool:
Circle-patterned, beautiful!
Tell him they are silver-shadowed green,—
His chestnut-stems—dark snow-clouds in between . . .

Not yet,—not even so, the quick footfall?
Tell him where young Avon wont to bawl
Hang tinkling icicles,—gray, bright cascades . . .
Tell him the slender rose of Christmas fades.

Bid him come home to us . . .
The catkins bloom,
Will he come presently into the gloom
Of holly-shaw, ash-covert, willow-bed?
Is our lord still because our lord is dead?

* * * * *
Our lady weeps . . .
Why have they buried him
By the lone border of that foreign stream?"

J. C. CHADWICK.



THE house at Kyre is essentially Georgian in outward appearance and interior detail. Yet there are not only remnants of a mediæval castle, but also of an Elizabethan reconstruction. All this the Georgian work envelops without destroying the substance. Kyre Wyard is a parish occupying high but much broken and well watered lands in the corner of Western Worcestershire that seems to push itself into the region that ought to form parts of the counties of Hereford and Salop. It enjoys the amenities of all three counties, its own picturesque and nobly timbered domain forming the foreground to

splendid views over the Clee Hills to the north and over only slightly less mountainous parts at the other points of the compass.

On a tableland with wide outlook, yet, owing to rising ground to the south-west, set with springs and traversed by brooks, a mediæval family built its strong and moated home. It had been a place of Saxon settlement, and the Domesday surveyors found that Chure, as they spelt it, had passed from its Saxon owner to Osbern Fitz Richard. To his wide domains succeeded the Mortimers, whose chief seat was at Richard's Castle, lying to the west in Herefordshire. As half a knight's fee they granted it to the Wyards, who flourished here in the thirteenth century and added their patronymic to the place name.

The immense thickness of the stone walls, which, with brick additions and intrusions, form the substance of the three-storeyed block that took shape in 1753, prove them to be part of the thirteenth century Wyard building. The pedimented centre of the west front (Fig. 2) was evidently built between two small outstanding towers, and a little scrawl of a ground plan on the first page of the account-book of Sir Edward Pytts—as to which there will shortly be much to say—gives colour to the conjecture that Kyre was originally of the same date and on the same plan as Acton Burnell. That castle, which lies north of Kyre in Shropshire, was built by Robert Burnell, Edward I's famous Chancellor, between the years 1284 and 1292, and Hudson Turner says of it: "The general form of the house at Acton Burnell is a parallelogram measuring about ninety-five feet by sixty, and having a small square tower at each angle."

The little plan in the Pytts' account-book shows exactly such a building, and the dimensions written thereon give a length of 90ft. and a width of 58ft. Only the two western towers and a portion of the main walls were included in the Georgian block, the rest having been ruinous even when Edward Pytts started his account-book in Queen Elizabeth's time. But as the width of that block is just about the 58ft. jotted down by him on his unnamed plan, it is a legitimate inference



1.—THE NORTH SIDE SEEN THROUGH THE GARDEN GATE. "C.L."



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2.—HOUSE AND CHURCH FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

that the latter depicts the much decayed building which he then acquired and began to make habitable in the style of his own day.

The male line of Wyard came to an end in 1354, and before the century closed the heiress had died childless. Precisely what happened then we do not know, but in 1402 a Mortimer was in possession. This did not mean a re-entry of the over-lord, as the senior branch of Mortimer had before this passed into the female line, and it was a younger branch that held and, as it would seem, dwelt at Kyre until their heiress married Lord De La Warr, whose son parted with it in 1520. After again changing hands it was acquired in 1576 by Sir Edward Pytts, and from him has passed by inheritance to our own day.

The Pytts owned the little estate of Perry on the border of Kyre parish and domain, but must have been connected with London and the law, as Edward obtained a lucrative office in early life. We are told that he was born in 1541, and that in 1563 he was sworn in by the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas as Filacer for London and for several of the home counties. A filacer was an officer of the Superior Courts at Westminster who filed original writs and issued processes thereon. The consequent fees must have been numerous and considerable if they were the source of wealth which enabled the Filacer to acquire Kyre and undertake the reconstruction of which we learn so much from his surviving account-book. This is a thick leather-bound folio in which there are entries somewhat earlier than 1588, when he wrote a sort of preface in his best legal handwriting. At first there was a little accident, for as he was producing the large and elaborate initial A the pen caught in the paper in the middle of the flourish and caused an ugly blot:

Copyright

3.—THE DOVECOT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

so he turned over the leaf and without further blemish wrote as follows on the next page:

ANNO DOMINI 1588

A viewe of the charge for the newe buildinge the house of Kyer Court nowe ruyned: sometime the ancient seat of the famylie of Wyard for three Discents Knights in Edward the first his time, and after: then called Curia Wiardi Wiards Court.

The which afterwards (by marriage) discended to the possession of the memorabile name of Mortymers: Knights for two Discents:

And from them (by marriage also) to the honorable lyne of Lorde Lawarr:

from them came by purchace to John Crofte Esquier:

from him ymmediately

by like purchace to Sr William Compton Knight :

ffrom his sonnes sonne and heire Henry the Lorde Compton to Edwarde Pytts Esquier Philoser of London Midds: Hunts & Cambridge :

Who beginneth to provide Stone Briske Tymber and other necessaries for the reedifyng therof, this yeare of our Lorde God: one thousande fyve hundred eightye eight, beinge the Thirtith yere of the reigne of our most famousue Quene Elizabeth, vis when God wonderfully vanquished the invincyble ffeft (as they christened it) of the Spanyarde.

The accounts shed so much light on building matters in those times that it is a great pity that the house as re-edified by Sir Edward Pytts has so largely disappeared. In 1880, when Prebendary Baldwyn-Childe undertook additions and renovations, it was found that what were then being used as kitchens and other offices were part of Sir Edward's build, and the present hall may well represent that mentioned in an entry of a payment of 20s. made to his wood-carver "upon a Reckoning in my Hall at Kier the 6th of Julie 1594." It is a long room of which the south-west corner butts on to the remnant of the Wyard Castle, while the Elizabethan staircase (Fig. 8) rises beyond its east end. To the north there remain the original stone mullioned and transomed windows and the stone arch of the great fireplace. Against the south wall Georgian additions were built in 1753, but originally it was lit also on that side, and an oak mullioned and transomed window was found in 1880, bedded into the wall, in sufficiently good preservation to be re-used elsewhere. The hall was of single storeyed height—a plan generally



4.—BUILDING AT THE NORTH-WEST CORNER OF THE FORECOURT.



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5.—SIR JAMES'S BARN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

adopted under Elizabeth in all but very big houses—with chambers over it, and perhaps also a gallery mentioned in a 1640 inventory, although such would be an unlikely situation for that important feature of an Elizabethan house, and it may have been in a portion swept away by subsequent alterations.

The provision of stone and brick looms large in the early pages of the accounts. There was a disused quarry in the park, and Sir Edward "Bargained with Roger Newell the 12th of February 1586 to rid the Quarry of Rubbell and to open it at large for 43s. 4d." Six months later Thomas Lem is "to hewe one thousande foote of very fine and smothe Ashlere," he to raise, dig and hew them "after the rate of 2d of the foote." Further stone, both ashlar and rubble—dug at the respective rate of one penny and one halfpenny a foot—comes from the quarry in 1590, but more distant stone is found desirable for other purposes and comes from Madeley in Salop, Painswick in Gloucestershire, and some large blocks even from distant "Hoscum Hedde by Bathe." Thomas Lem, having bargained to serve as "covenant servant" for seven years at "5l. in money yearly

and a livery to make him a coat," has charge not only of the home quarry but of the brick making, excellent clay for the purpose existing close at hand. In 1588 only 57,000 bricks were burned, "for no more colde be made this yearre because the continuall rayne litted." But in 1589 Lem made 204,000, and that was about the yearly output up to 1594, when he made "a 160 thousande of well dried & well burned brick amongst which are many Cutt bricks of Splaies and cantes for windowes & chymneys."

Meanwhile, the felling of oaks, the squaring of timber and the sawing of boards are in progress. Preparation for wainscoting is also in hand, and a man named Farmer is paid 40s. in 1589 for "his hewing of pannell & punchions." "The pannell are pyled on 2 heapes in the garden and are in number 1,33 dozen of pannell of puncheon 21 dozen for the which he is fullie paid." No doubt the piling was under cover and so that the air could freely circulate and dry the prepared oak, much of which may survive in the plain wainscoting, typical of this period, to be found in various parts of the house. But more elaborate work was needed about the principal fireplaces, and thus we find the entry:

"Bargayned wth Garrett Hollyman a dutch carver to make 2 Chymney Peaces the carving thereof being the storeyes of Susanna and Mars and Venus." Various



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6.—THE CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[March 17th, 1917.]



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7.—IN THE "BEST SLEEPING ROOM." "COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—OLD SIR EDWARD'S STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

payments are made in London to this man, who generally appears as "ffather Garrett," up to March, 1594, "and so is paide for the chymney peace of Mars and Venus 15l." while, as we have seen, a final payment of £1 is made four months later in the Hall at Kyre, Garrett having, no doubt, come down to complete and fix his handiwork.

Sir Edward was much troubled as to the plan of his new build. No doubt he shared the Elizabethan tendency towards symmetry, and between the remaining portion of the Wyard Castle which he incorporated and the churchyard, a little to the east (Fig. 6), the desired scheme would not fit in. Thus, in 1588 he pays to "John Symons of London for drawing my first platt for my house--40s." and again £3 "To the same John Symons for drawing my latter platt accordig to my newe purpose." But both these plans must have involved building in the churchyard, and when this part was reached Sir Edward's religious scruples were awakened. Work appears to have stopped in 1594 for seventeen years, when a new page in the account-book begins as follows :

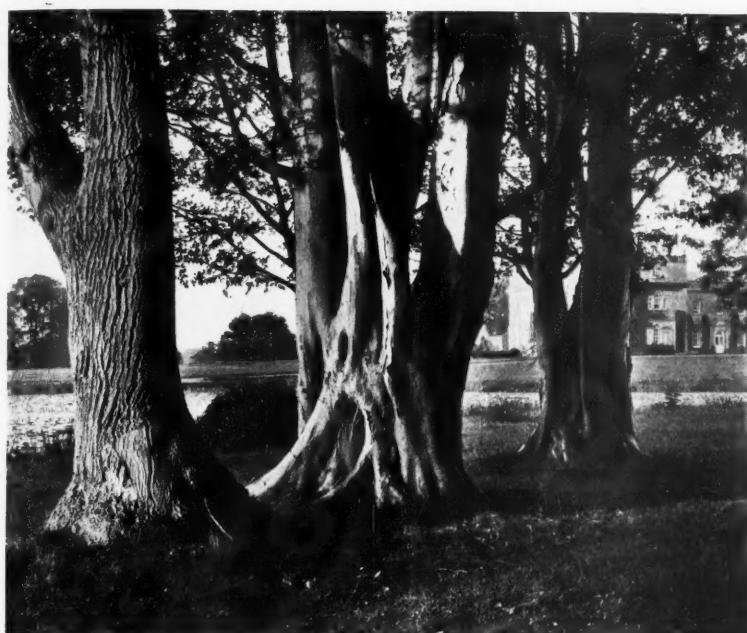
1611

IN THE NAME OF GOD AMEN

Nowe purposing by Gods assistance to go forward in the building of Kyer House and reparinge the ruyns thereof—I brought John Bentley ffree mason from Oxford (where he wrought the newe addition to Sir Thomas Bodleian his famous library) with me as I came from London to Kyer to take instructions from me by veiynge the place to draw me a newe platte for I altered my first intent, because I wold not encroche on the Churchyard, nor alter it, nor build a new Church yarde more convenient hard by because my consyence wold have accused me of doinge the same, of purpose only to grace myne owne house.

The work of construction recommenced. Lem, the man of all work, takes service again "to hew smothe Ashler make brick or what els I should employe him in concerning building." But there needs a more skilled man to superintend, and John Chaunce, a freemason of Bromsgrove, is engaged "to be my chieff mason workman and survey'r of the work and workmen" at a wage of £10 yearly besides "meat, drink, lodging & washing." Clothes are likewise provided. His boots cost 8s. and his slippers half a crown, while 3os. sufficed to pay for "his Coate, Cognizance Hatt band feather & Cognisance of silver," which seems cheap for such a very smart get up.

Work went forward slowly and was incomplete when Sir Edward made his will in December, 1617, leaving £2,000 to his son and heir, Sir James Pytts, to finish the house "according to the platte remayning in Chanc's handes drawn by my dictation." Next year he died and we find Sir James taking on Chaunce for four years, although it was William Harrison of Alvechurch who covenanted to build him a barn for £42 10s. The barn (Fig. 5) still stands, built above a stone plinth, as was Sir Edward's house, of hard, rough-grained, variously hued bricks 9in. long and 2½in. to 2¾in. wide. It has crow-stepped gables at the ends and for the two projections on the south side which, as shown by stone mullioned windows on two floors, were used as chambers. The total length is some 130ft., and, even remembering that all material—bricks, stone, timber, lime—was



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9.—THE IRONWOOD TREES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

procured on and provided by the estate, the payment to Harrison is infinitesimal compared to present rates. Close to it the illustration shows a massive example of a timber-framed building which may well precede the period of Pyts' ownership, but the picturesque dovecot (Fig. 3) near by will have been largely rebuilt by them even if, as is thought, the structure is older.

As completed by his son, Sir Edward Pyts' country house will have been typical of the age, and well worn oak tables and chairs, and pewter dinner ware yet recall its interior get up when James I was king. It was an age of mottoes and wise saws, and Sir Edward set down on a page of his account-book "Titles for my house," such as:

feare God : lyve well :
regarde his lawes
Be firme : please not
popular Dawes.

The last injunction is singularly apt in our own day of talkative politicians and vote catchers. As he planned it so did the house remain essentially unchanged for one hundred and thirty-four years after his death. Then came the sixth and last generation of his male heirs—two brothers who possessed Kyre in turn and gave it the Georgian aspect that it now possesses. The elder very much, and the younger in some degree, inherited their ancestor's habit of keeping building accounts. We are therefore at no loss to discover the exact character and date of a reconstruction which dragged on for thirty years and ended in a different style to that in which it was begun. On the death of his father in 1752 there succeeded Edmund Pyts, a bachelor of taste and intelligence, but of ideas rather larger and of interests rather wider than his very moderate means warranted. To reface and redecorate his house, rebuild his outbuildings, transform the modest formal gardens into an extensive "natural" lay out à la Capability Brown, replant the domain with choice trees, and extend temples, garden houses, and bowling greens across the park—all this was to go hand in hand with a seat in Parliament and a reputation on the race-course. Of his lay out some of the architectural and other detail features have disappeared. But his ponds, his grottoes and his groves remain. The soil of Kyre is admirable for the growth of trees, and many of the kinds that were considered new and choice in his time are to be found of large size at Kyre. Of these, perhaps the rarest are the two ironwood trees on the south side of the main pond (Fig. 9). Zelkova crenata is a native of the Caucasus, and the

finest specimen in England is, perhaps, that at Wardour Castle, which reaches the height of about 100ft. Those at Kyre are only 80ft., but are typical and picturesque examples of the way of growth of this very hard wooded tree, which appears to have been introduced into England at the very time that Edmund Pyts was busy at his house and grounds. They were probably planted in the early years of George III's reign. But, of course, it is not so much for what Edmund Pyts planted as for what he already found that Kyre takes a high place in our arboreal records. The oaks were famous even when John Habingdon wrote his notes on Worcestershire in James I's day, for he tells us that: "The Parcke of Cure Wyard is not to be shutt up in silence, for it is adorned with so many tall and mightie oakes as scarce any grounds in England within that quantitie of akers can shewe as many." The tallest are over 130ft. in height, and 20ft. in girth at 5ft. from the ground. Their characteristic (Fig. 10) is the straight, clean growth of the stems. They are invaluable where great length and strength is necessary, and £1,000 was received for a score of them in recent times when lock gates were needed for one of our East Coast ports.

Edmund Pyts started work on the house very soon after he came into the property. From May to December, 1573, workmen—paid, according to their craft and skill, from 1s. to 1s. 10d. a day—are employed in pulling down and rebuilding the south front and part of the east and west fronts, the total cost being £297 14s. 1d. It will be seen (Fig. 2) that a bold wooden cornice runs round the house below the attic floor of the tall western block and below the roof parapet of the eastern extension. We find that the 468 foot run of it was supplied from Warwick in July at 10d. per foot. The thick sash bars that had been introduced under William III had not yet given way to the slim stuff adopted by the brothers Adam, so that all those, such as in the south three-storeyed



Copyright.

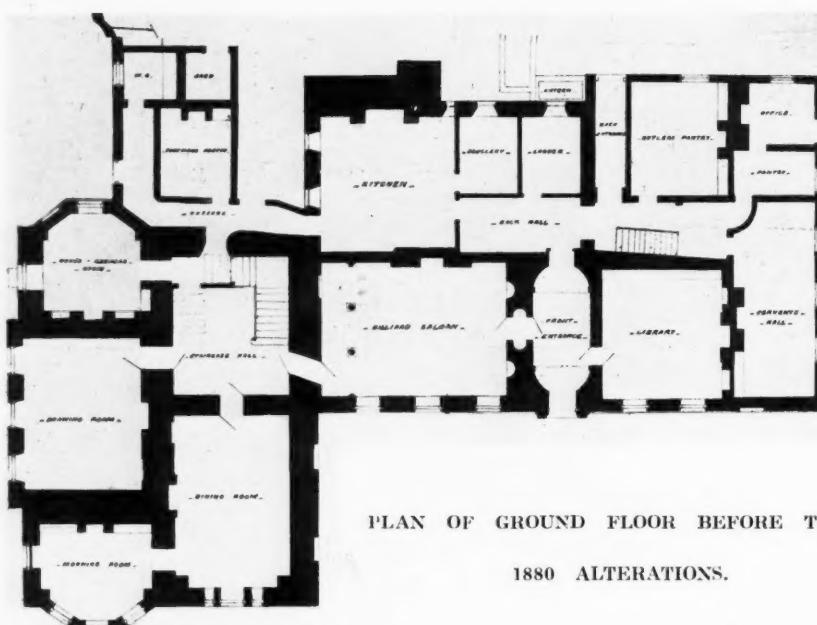
10.—A GROUP OF ANCIENT OAKS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[March 17th, 1917.]

bay, which date from Edmund Pyts' time are bold and sturdy, in excellent sympathy with the simple, solid mass of the building. They were made on the spot, but not out of local timber, for recently cut English oak has a playful habit of warping and winding, and, therefore, seasoned planks of zinc. Norway oak were also sent from Warwick, which, curiously enough, in those days of difficult transit, was preferred to the nearer

Worcester or Gloucester as a source not only of foreign wood in the bulk, but of prepared and moulded deal work. A



PLAN OF GROUND FLOOR BEFORE THE
1880 ALTERATIONS.

'predilection for what was known throughout the eighteenth century as a Venetian window will be observed at Kyre. One was inserted on the new staircase, while two pierce the thick old wall to the south, which gives them great presence from within. They were architecturally finished with pilaster and entablature both on the elevation and also in the rooms, where they were charmingly wainscoted and enriched (Fig. 7). We must, however, defer further de-

scription and illustration of his and his brother's interior work and furnishing till next week.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

IN THE GARDEN

TO SAVE POTATOES.

By GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

NOW that we are being urged to decrease the consumption of Potatoes in order to prolong the supply available for poorer folk it is our plain duty to consider what may best be used in middle and better class households in their place. Foremost will come the Parsnip. There are many people who say they do not like Parsnips or who will only tolerate them with boiled salt meat or salt fish. But with the abundance of Potatoes that we have had hitherto there has been but little incentive to their better use in more carefully considered ways. Among these, one of the best and simplest is: first to boil the Parsnips; they take three-quarters of an hour—perhaps an hour if very large. They are then sliced lengthwise and cut into square sectioned fingers; a good general size is 1½in. long by ½in. the two other ways. On a plate is made a dry mixture of flour, with white pepper and salt and spiced herbs. The pieces are rolled about in this so that all their sides are coated. The actual size and shape of the pieces does not much matter, but it is obvious that the smaller they are the larger is the proportion of the nicely flavoured coated surface. They are then fried—or more properly speaking, *sauté*—in butter or margarine till they are lightly browned all over, and have become refined and savory morsels such as are hardly recognisable as our old friend the Parsnip. This way can be varied by covering the fingers or chips with a very thin batter of flour and milk, the batter being flavoured in the same manner.

A correspondent of the *Garden* (March 10th) reminds us of another excellent way of cooking Parsnips—*au gratin*—with layers of the cooked root in a piedish, with breadcrumbs and a milk sauce flavoured with Parmesan cheese and finished as usual with the breadcrumbs on top. The same method, but baked in escallop shells, would provide a prettier dish.

Other winter root vegetables, Jerusalem Artichokes and Salsify, can be used in exactly the same ways. A pleasant variant from the more usual ways of cooking Salsify is to boil it for half an hour, drain, breadcrumb and fry, and the moment before serving to sprinkle with salt and lemon-juice.

Another vegetable that we are using in the place of Potato is the Swede. There is a refined, small kind, seed of which is sold for garden culture, but not having grown this we are using field Swedes; they are larger and coarser, but by no means to be despised. They are good in slices with a nice white sauce or cooked by any of the methods mentioned for Parsnips. The excellence of thoroughly well prepared mashed Turnip—a good white Turnip—is not enough known or appreciated. The Turnips should be boiled in salted water and passed through a sieve; from its watery nature it comes through as a wettish purée. This must then be got as dry as possible and receive a good flavouring of salt and black pepper, and be finally mixed with a little thick cream. It might be expected that the same treatment would do well in the case of Swedes, but the Swede has not

the distinctive flavour of the Turnip; for the very good reason that a Swede is not a Turnip at all, but a Cabbage.

It is hardly necessary to remind readers of the excellence of the thick vegetable soups such as dried Pea, Lentil, Carrot, Turnip, Jerusalem Artichoke and Onion; but, as we are also reducing the consumption of meat, it may be well to give a reminder of the goodness of the true French vegetable julienne. It is made by first frizzling a chopped Onion in 2oz. of butter—it must not be at all burnt—then adding Carrot, Turnip and Celery all chopped small, and frying all together for half an hour, when one pint of water is added and the cooking is continued till all the vegetables are completely softened. When there is Lettuce or Sorrel, a portion of each is shredded and cooked with the rest. The flavour of Celery is important, but the crop is generally exhausted by the end of February, and it does not come on again till it is nearly winter. But there is a kind called Soup Celery which is grown on purpose and is in use when the main supply is not in season.

Rice can be made to take the place of Potatoes in many ways, and we have already borrowed, to our great advantage, the methods of cooking of the eastern and southern countries from which we import it, and where it forms so large a proportion of the sustenance of the native peoples. Thus we have the curry and kedgee of India, the risotto of Italy, and the pilaf of the Turks. Risotto and pilaf are variants of the same thing, the chief difference being that risotto is cooked in a stronger meat stock and is more highly flavoured. An adaptation of pilaf, such as any handy cook can make, should in any case be more often on an English table, made in some such way as the following: Cook 5oz. or 6oz. of well washed rice for five minutes in boiling water, thoroughly drain and put it in a casserole with an ounce of butter and pepper and salt; add half a pint of light stock or strained vegetable julienne and cook for another twenty minutes. Any small pieces of meat or shredded chicken or chicken liver may be added, but it is quite good alone. If more flavour is wanted, a piece of chopped Onion can be cooked in the butter for ten minutes before the rice is put in the casserole.

THE TOMATO AS AN OUTDOOR CROP.

NOW that the importation of Tomatoes from sunnier climes is prohibited it is reasonable to assume that their cultivation in the open will be more widely adopted in this country. The Tomato is a tender and sun-loving plant. Its cultivation in the open is in consequence a game of chance to a great extent, for while a fine summer may bring heavy crops of well ripened fruits, a wet and sunless season is certain to be accompanied with small unripened fruits which, however excellent for preparing green Tomato chutney, are of little value for food purposes. Taking the good years with the bad years the Tomato in southern counties ranks as one of the most profitable of garden crops if given proper

cultivation. As we cannot afford to run grave risks with our food crops, it is not advisable to take up Tomato culture in the open on a large scale. At the same time all who possess a warm and sunny garden should make a point of growing some plants.

The mistake is so often made of putting out weak and backward plants, instead of those which are strong and well advanced. It should be remembered that the Tomato plant has only a very short season in which to make growth and produce its trusses of flowers and fruits, and as a rule the fruits which set after the end of August are of little use. To put out backward plants in June in the hope of picking Tomatoes in about eight weeks is expecting too much. The plants must be raised under glass, and they should be showing their first truss of bloom at the time of planting out. Needless to say, allotment workers have not as a rule the opportunity of raising their own seedlings, and it would be in the interests of the nation if the owners of large gardens would utilise their greenhouses and frames for the purpose of raising and distributing the plants among allotment holders and cottagers.

Sowing the Seed.—If the seed is not already sown it should be put in at once. Sow in pots or pans in a greenhouse where a minimum temperature of 55° to 60° (Fahr.) may be maintained. The seed is fairly large and should not be sown as thick as Mustard and Cress; ten seeds to a 5in. pot are ample. As soon as the seedlings have made their first pair of leaves they should be pricked off into other pans or else potted up singly in thumb pots and given a temperature of 55°. It is important that the first potting should take place in the very early stages of the plant. Crowded seedlings have little chance of ever making sturdy plants. If the seed can be sown in a propagating case inside a greenhouse, so much the better; otherwise cover each pot or pan with a sheet of glass and await germination. The glass must be taken away as soon as the first seedling appears. When the young plants are established in their pots keep them on a greenhouse shelf as near to the glass as possible. This will induce the seedlings to make short, sturdy growth. In the event of a snap of cold weather lay a thin sheet of paper over the plants or remove them to a lower shelf until danger is past. When the plants are pot-bound they should be potted into 5in. pots, and after being kept a few days in a greenhouse they will be ready to transfer to cold frames, which should be about the end of April. The plants are hardened off in the frames until ready for planting in the open.

Soil and Manure.—In the early stages the potting compost should be made up with fibrous loam and silver sand and nothing more, in the proportions of three to one. Firm potting and planting is essential, and it should be borne in mind that the Tomato, unlike other soft-wooded plants, emits roots from the stem; it is therefore an easy matter to feed the plants by top-dressing the surface of the soil. Moreover, the plants may be potted deeply without injury. The Tomato plant readily responds to the application of manure. If given nitrogenous

manure, either in the compost or in liquid form, it will grow with alarming rapidity, but the luxuriant growth is worse than useless and must not be encouraged. At the time of the final potting it is a good plan to add wood-ashes, lime rubble, burnt earth, dissolved bones and soot to the compost, using about a 6in. potful of each and three times that quantity of lime rubble or burnt earth to a barrowload of soil. Feeding with liquid manure should be reserved until the fruits are beginning to swell.

Planting Out.—The plants should be ready to transfer to the open about the middle of May, but a spell of cold weather would ruin them. It is therefore a wise plan to keep half the plants in reserve and to plant them out during the first half of June. Although planting out does not take place until May and June, the thoughtful gardener will now look around and choose warm, sunny positions for the crop. This does not mean that the site must remain vacant till then, for the ground may be used for seed beds or early salads in the meantime. The plants do well against a warm wall, and there is usually enough space to spare for a few plants between the fruit trees on walls. Tomatoes will likewise do well against palings, on banks sloping to the south, or in an open, sunny position, where they will need the support of stout stakes. Plant about 2ft. apart.

Training the Plants.—If a well nourished Tomato plant is allowed to have its own way it will spread with octopus-like growth in all directions. The manner of training is simply this: Every side growth is pinched out as soon as it appears, leaving only the single main stem, so that each plant becomes a cordon. It is possible to obtain fruit from the lateral growths, but for outside purposes the cordon, which, by the way, should carry four trusses of fruit and then have its growing point pinched out, is by far the best. So far as the writer's observations go, the flowers of the Tomato plant are not visited by bees. In the open the pollen is shaken from the flowers by wind, but under glass it is advisable to gently shake the flower trusses on bright, sunny days when the pollen is dry. It so often happens that one fruit on a truss becomes abnormal in size or fasciated, and by removing this the remaining fruits will develop evenly and with better results. There is much difference of opinion regarding the removal of the leaves in order to allow the sun to reach the fruits. Some growers strip off all the leaves; others leave them untouched. The middle course of removing some of the leaves and portions of others seems to be the best, but in any case this is not necessary until the fruits are ripening.

Varieties.—The following varieties are known to do well in the open: Aviator, Bide's Recruit, Moneymaker, Sunrise, Up-to-Date, Supreme, Carrick, Fillbasket, Regina and Kondine Red. At one time it was considered that only ribbed or corrugated varieties were suitable for cultivation in the open, but introductions during recent years have changed this, and the smooth-skinned varieties here recommended will yield superior fruits to the tough-skinned Tomatoes that are picked before they are ripe and imported in boxes from warmer climes. H. C.

THE HUGH LANE COLLECTION AND A FRENCH CRITIC

THE Exhibition of French Painters at the National Gallery, bequeathed by Sir Hugh Lane, has led to my being asked to express in these pages some of the ideas which such an exhibition might provoke in the mind of a French art critic.

To begin with, I can scarcely conceal my surprise that such works of art can still arouse controversy (that is, if I am to believe the excellent article published in COUNTRY LIFE by Mr. D. S. MacColl). All the painters represented here, with the exception of Degas, Monet, Renoir and Vuillard, have been dead for at least ten years or more, and, with the exception of Vuillard, the survivors are all more than seventy years old. One can hardly consider them, therefore, as artists who still arouse discussion nor as exclusively belonging to France; they are a part rather of the history of European painting.

I went to see these pictures, some of which I already knew. In order that the collection should be really representative, it ought to contain, within its modest limits, examples of Delacroix, Jongkind (that Dutchman whom we have made our own, and to whom French painting owes so much) and Sisley, whose absence from the group of his companions, Monet, Renoir and Pissaro, is to be deplored. Then, too, it should contain that lover of wild, virgin colour, Gauguin; that exquisitely refined voluptuary, Toulouse-Lautrec; and also that painter of concentrated genius, Cézanne.

But despite these gaps, such a collection must inspire a feeling of satisfaction and of pride in those Frenchmen who have tried to trace clearly the real course of French

pictorial development during the last century. It is very rarely that one finds French art so accurately represented outside France, or even in France for that matter; and there is no more painful feeling, when one is in a foreign country (and particularly in a country which one loves and to which one is attached by many ties), than to see the art of one's country inadequately represented by works of only secondary value, which will probably claim public attention for some time, but which, notwithstanding, do not show that which is spirited, tender, impressive, living, lasting; in a word, the true art of one's own country.

The astonishing thing about French painting of the nineteenth century (and one gets the impression the moment one enters that room of the National Gallery) is the extreme variety of the work; and it is amazing to realise that not one, but two of the most important movements in European painting have come about in less than fifty years. It did not take half a century, in fact, to bring about that movement, on the one hand, which has been summarily called the "1830 School," and on the other, thirty-five years later, that of the "Impressionists."

This kind of classification is, at best, somewhat too rough and ready, for if one applies the name "1830 School," as we say in France, to the group of landscape painters from Corot and Dupré to Daubigny and Troyon, with Rousseau and Millet between, one must remember that at that same time France also possessed in Delacroix and Ingres two of her greatest painters, frankly outside that "school," to say nothing of Géricault, another great man who was only prevented by death from entirely realising his genius; and that

later, when Impressionist art became more clearly defined and arrived at its full fruition, France possessed other painters, like Puvis de Chavannes and Carrière, who defy all attempts at classification.

The desire, so deeply ingrained in French minds, to escape from the fetter of dogmas, of ready-made ideas, is nowhere more apparent than in the evolution of French painting during the nineteenth century. One feels on every side the desire to escape from restrictions, to accept nothing that has not been proved by personal experience. One sees the schools based less on common views on the methods of painting than on an apparent abandonment of certain formulae; one sees, in the spirit of these schools, an aversion from what one might call the "regimental method," each rather obeying only his own self-discipline. That which we call "school" under these circumstances could not in any way mean a relation between master and disciples, either in the landscape painters of 1830 with regard to Delacroix or in the Impressionists with regard to Manet. It is more a kind of common quest, but a quest wherein everyone is not seeking absolutely the same thing. For example, it would be difficult to find painters more different than Degas, Renoir and

Only those have been really great, during the last hundred years of French painting, who have cherished this sentiment for freedom. One finds it in Corot as in Courbet, in Delacroix as in Puvis de Chavannes. It is because he was not permeated with this sentiment, because he gave way to a sort of self-complacency, that made him sacrifice truth to professionalism, that part of the work of such a painter as Troyon, to-day strikes us as mediocre, and that he takes only second or even third rank in the history of his time.

This same sentiment created between the old men and the young, in the pictorial history of France last century, a sort of rivalry in which one can no longer say which are the youngest; wherein one suddenly sees certain painters brought together for a moment in their quest and then again separated by the influence of their differing genius or the desire to attain differing ends. Hence, for example, the reason for our seeing in the collection Thomy-Thierry in Paris (at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs) a "vue de la Rochelle," by Corot, in which one is conscious of the momentary influence of that very same Eugène Boudin who had learnt so much by studying the works of Corot. One cannot escape a touch of pride when one feels,



"WILLOWS," BY DAUBIGNY.

Claude Monet. One has only to look at the three examples in the Hugh Lane Collection, and yet these are the three artists whom one associates essentially with Impressionism.

It is this craving for freedom which has revivified French painting, and which is manifested even in the work of painters incapable of freeing themselves, but who, nevertheless, seconded the efforts of the younger men. Thus we see Gros, the favourite pupil of David, the last of the great painters of the time of the First Napoleon, secretly approving the efforts of Delacroix, whom David, from the depths of his exile at Brussels, condemned; because of this desire, too, we see Daubigny, handicapped by his teaching, by his age, by his friendships with painters of the "1830 School," encouraging Pissaro and Monet, and buying from the latter one of his earliest canvases; because of this we find Eugène Boudin, who, in his early days, had given his first lessons to Claude Monet, going, at the age of seventy, to seek lessons from his former pupil and thus remodelling his own method of expression; thus, too, Pissaro bowed to the suggestions of the neo-Impressionists after having been one of the first to give definite form to Impressionism.

as in this room of the National Gallery, suddenly plunged as it were into the midst of all this extraordinary upheaval, this perpetual renaissance which deservedly influenced painting far beyond the confines of its native country.

And when one knows what were the early conditions of this revival of French painting at the beginning and in the middle of the nineteenth century, one feels stirred at seeing those pictures, which owe to England what one might call the "initial blow" for liberty, brought back to England by a strange and just turn of Fortune's wheel.

One cannot forget that the outstanding pioneer in this renaissance of pictorial landscape was Constable, nor that the three most important events, perhaps, in the early days of French painting of the last century were the journey of Delacroix to London, that of Géricault to Epsom, and Bonington's coming to France. Verily that was the "Channel tunnel" whereby the genius of Constable came to fructify the Continent, to give the inspiration by which at last real atmosphere breathed in real landscapes on the canvases in the place of that conventionalised nature of which Hubert-Robert and Joseph Vernet, as far as France is concerned, have given us the least objectionable examples.

I know of nothing more touching in all the history of French painting than Delacroix repainting his great picture "Les Massacres de Scio" after long study of the Constables in Paris. And yet what connection was there, at first sight, between landscape painting as Constable conceived it, carrying on by his revival the great tradition of Ruysdael and Hobbema, and Eugène Delacroix painting his great compositions of ancient and modern history, which could not possibly be brought into the same category?

The fact is that the independence of mind of such artists cannot allow of the erection of water-tight compartments between the *genres*, and that each borrows from the other the means of clearer expression and more truthful rendering. Let those who wish to have a proof of this assertion see, as I have seen recently, the two great pictures by Delacroix in the Church of St. Sulpice in Paris, and then compare

them with the "Justice de Trajan" in the Musée at Rouen. It is hardly credible that the same man should have painted these pictures, so utterly different in composition, in feeling, in subject. One stands amazed before the youthful vigour of that picture in St. Sulpice wherein a great tree shades a hilly road down which a herd is disappearing. It is Impressionism already, almost completely expressed. It is, at all events, the atmosphere of open air and fidelity to Nature, so rare in decorative compositions.

To achieve complete freedom it was necessary that the painters, after having seen the world anew with truthful eyes under the influence of Constable, should turn their gaze skyward in order to acquire an appreciation of atmosphere. This was the task of French Impressionists, but here again the English had preceded them fifty years with Turner.

G. JEAN-AUBRY.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

AFTER the war is over, science will probably become as general a topic of discussion as the production of food is to-day. The immediate problem of increasing production to such an extent as to provide against the possibility of want will give place to the necessity of increasing production in every possible direction in order to repair the ravages of war. Lord Moulton at the beginning of this most timely and stimulating book, *Science and the Nation*, edited by A. C. Seward, F.R.S. (Cambridge University Press), expresses a doubt of the general assumption that the English people will have easily assimilated the lessons of the war. He recalls that in pre-war days

they contented themselves either with adhering to antiquated methods which ought long ago to have been superseded, or with availing themselves of the new knowledge by permitting others to apply it for them. In the textile industries, for example, they were not only willing that their dyes should be manufactured abroad by methods which they did not attempt to master, but also that even the use of these dyes should be taught to their dyers by the producers without any attempt to make them understand the rationale of the methods employed.

English manufacturers have been too confident in the adequacy of the traditional methods. As long as their books were full of orders they showed no ardour to avail themselves of new scientific development. It was otherwise with their rivals. As Professor Pope says :

Our Continental competitors, less wealthy and more necessities, had either to seize upon and exploit this British weakness or to remain in penurious obscurity. Germany chose the former alternative, and we now see the English textile industry, amounting to some two hundred millions per annum, embarrassed for lack of a million or so pounds' worth per annum of German dyestuffs.

His tale of the neglect of chemistry is saddening, and he brings forward a telling illustration in the history of synthetic drugs. Continental chemists had learned to prepare many substances invaluable in medicine as an adjunct to the coal tar industry.

Salicylic acid and its derivatives, phenacetin, antipyrine, salvarsan, and several important local anaesthetics, have been imported from Germany at prices so low as to make it impossible for any English manufacturer to compete even if patent monopolies did not exist.

It is not by any means that our men of science have been blind, idle or inefficient. On the contrary, many of the great modern discoveries were made in Great Britain and were exploited abroad. In pure science we have held our own, but manufacturers have been slow to adapt the results of scientific investigation so as to make them of commercial value.

Naturally, we turned most eagerly to the chapters connected with agriculture. Of the four papers devoted to this branch, that of Professor Biffen is in our view the most important. It is clearly and charmingly written, and deals as a matter of course with the improvement in breeds of wheat, the source of our most important foodstuff. "Science in Forestry," by the Reader in Forestry at Cambridge, is a good second. The salient fact is that we are not a timber producing country, yet normally use timber to the value of £100,000 a day in our industries, on which the writer bases a convincing plea for increased planting. He says we have many millions of acres of land quite unfit for agriculture, but ideal for forest, now lying more or less waste. In what way and to what extent it is unfit for agriculture he does not say. Nor does he go into detail about actual planting, though rightly proclaiming that "we cannot afford to adopt

slipshod and rule-of-thumb methods." A few hints as to preliminary cultivation for timber would have been useful, and science ought to teach discrimination between land on which foodstuffs may be grown and that which is suitable for timber only. An interesting statement that might have been advantageously amplified is that

Some steps have already been taken in the direction of producing hybrid trees, and the results have been startling. It is possible to produce much greater bulk of timber in a given time, or to produce the desired bulk of timber in a very much shorter time.

Obviously it will be of supreme importance in a country situated as ours will be after the war to produce a stock of timber in the swiftest time possible. Professor Keeble gives his paper an attractive title, "The Science of Botany and the Art of Intensive Cultivation," but he devotes too much space to the enunciation of generalities which would have been equally appropriate to the discussion of any other scientific question. Nor does he give a hint that in intensive cultivation there are things of even more importance than botanical knowledge. But with the advice tersely summarised in the following passage we thoroughly agree :

Cultivate the laboratory a little less and our gardens rather more. Discourage the modern sessile habit assumed by students and see to it that the men who are to replace us have wide as well as deep experience. Provision should be made for interchange of students and professors between this country and other parts of the Empire. Train our youth to express themselves both by word of mouth and written word more clearly and convincingly than we have learned to do. Let our Universities provide courses of scientific instruction for the unscientific as well as the purely professional courses. For the sick have need of the physician.

Professor Wood contributes a most instructive paper on a problem sent to him and his Cambridge staff by the President of the Board of Agriculture. After war broke out many feeding stuffs that had hitherto gone to Germany and were little known to British farmers were forced on the market, but the farmers, for lack of knowledge, were compelled to adhere to their old-fashioned linseed oil, cotton cake, maize, and wheat offals, which soon rose to prices at which their use prohibited all chance of profitable stock-rearing. Lord Selborne, then President, suggested that the staff "should endeavour to show the farmers how to buy and use the cheaper foods to the best advantage." How this was done gives Professor Wood a chance, of which he takes full advantage, to set out a hoard of information that has just now and will have after the war great and permanent value.

The Master of Downing is to be congratulated on the book, and we humbly endorse his warning that schemes of reform and reconstruction formulated under the present abnormal conditions are apt to be hastily conceived and ill-proportioned. In these papers applied science is seen utilising the discoveries of pure science. Thus is a solid foundation prepared.

The Sure Shield, by John S. Margerison. (Duckworth, 6s.) SKETCHES of life in the Navy and short stories of the sea-affair are justly popular, and Mr. Margerison handles his theme with an ease and knowledge which carry conviction. Sometimes he is a little lavish with strange words which are not understood of lay people, and it is unkind if inevitable to contrast his rather dry method with Mr. Kipling's power of making the technique of any profession living and significant. The best thing in the book is the story of a second-class stoker, but his sketches of how sundry Lieutenants, R.N., proved to be better men than their German enemies are admirable. It may well be that they have a basis in fact; it is at least certain that when the history of the British Navy 1914-17 can be set down there will be told hundreds of incidents no less dramatic.

CORRESPONDENCE

A MORE DIFFICULT RIDDLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to see this answer to the riddle printed in your issue of February 24th. Very special interest is attached to the answer. The riddle was sent to the sometime Provost of Eton, Dr. Goodford. By return of post he sent me the answer in rhyme, composed by himself. The date of his letter is January 4th, 1872.

"The children in the village school
Conning their daily lessons,
Speak not—for fear the teacher's voice
Vent something not like blessings—
Your first can scarcely be suppressed,
Though all seem mute and mum,
Taught by experience I have guessed,
They make, you mean, a *hum*.

"And when at night they go to rest
Their weary limbs reposing,
And lie in bed not cleanly kept,
Sleep scarce their eyelids closing,
Some 'neath a blanket torn and patched,
Some 'neath a tattered rug,
They lie in vain—for there is hatched
Full many a biting bug.

"But spite of their discomfort, spite of
Others, which might be told
They grow (while these things they make light of)
Pure—simple minded—bold.
In this, at least, like you my friend,
No jot of duty hating,
From the beginning to the end
All *humbug* firmly hating."

—F. MEADE-KING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be excused for saying that I believe the riddle given in your current issue to be nothing more nor less than a solemn "humbug!"—M. CRAVEN.

THE RURAL ORGANISATION COUNCIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A letter from me appeared in your issue of May 6th last in reference to the formation of a non-party Rural Societies Federation, which was followed by one from Mr. Christopher Turnor in support of this scheme. With much pleasure I am now able to report the foundation of the Rural Organisation Council resulting from a meeting on October 4th last, presided over by Lord Selborne, and that ten well known societies have joined and several others are considering the question. Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Hills, M.P., is the chairman, Mr. Warwick H. Draper, vice-chairman, Sir Owen Philips, K.C.M.G., M.P., hon. treasurer, and Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P., Right Hon. H. Hobhouse, Messrs. Leslie Scott, K.C., M.P., G. H. Roberts, M.P., Christopher Turnor, Mrs. Trustram Eve, Mrs. E. R. Pease, and other prominent workers for rural betterment are members of the council. Now that a minimum wage for the agricultural labourer is assured the housing problem is easier of solution, but it must be remembered that if the existing rural population is to be retained and those fighting for us who desire a life on the land after the war are to be attracted to it, education must be reformed and careful attention given to social amenities in order to brighten village life. In these directions the council expects to be of special value by concentrating the efforts of the numerous body of experienced workers who now act without cohesion, causing a lamentable loss of time, energy and money. Enquiries are welcomed from non-party organisations actively engaged in these matters, as it is of the utmost importance to secure their support and co-operation without delay.—T. HAMILTON FOX, Hon. Sec., Rural Organisation Society.

RECLAMATION AND WILD LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—England is in need of more home-grown food, and every effort made to supply this need will be welcomed by all true Englishmen and women; but at the same time every naturalist must feel somewhat sad when he thinks of the effect of "reclaiming the waste" on the wild life of the country. Since almost prehistoric times "waste" has gradually been reclaimed and the aspect of the country changed, from the days when the virgin forests began to be cleared to the time when the fens were drained and the downs fenced in. As the forests were cut down we lost our larger carnivorous animals—the wolf, the bear, the wild cat and the marten, in addition to the wild boar, roedeer and beaver. Perhaps the next drastic change was when the fens and marshes began to be drained, but the faunal changes of this period were rather among birds than mammals. Many interesting species were banished, or at best were outlawed, among others the crane, bittern, ruff, avocet, black-tailed godwit, the harriers and the bearded tit. Changed methods of cultivation have caused the disappearance of other species, such as the great bustard and the quail; and it was a sad day for the golden eagle, the osprey and many other raptorial birds when game preserving came into vogue in their haunts. Now, under the stress of food shortage, one of the last remaining pieces of natural England is being invaded—and conquered—by the scientific farmer; I refer to the sandy rabbit warrens of Norfolk and Suffolk. Perhaps the most characteristic bird of these heaths (apart from the carefully preserved game) is the stone curlew, or Norfolk plover. This bird is still to be found sparsely distributed over the Wiltshire Downs and elsewhere, but its real home in England is the country round Brandon and Thetford, and there at the end of April or beginning of May one may see

several pairs in quite a short walk. If one of these birds be moved off its nest it is well worth while hiding some little distance away and watching it return to its eggs. No better object-lesson for training a scout could be imagined. The bird will pitch a hundred yards or so from the nest (if such it can be called) and, taking advantage of every little unevenness of ground or patch of heather, will gradually approach the eggs, now running, now crouching, never moving directly towards the nest, but always at a tangent. Another characteristic bird of this district, and one equally well worth watching, is the ringed plover. If one comes across a nest of this species the sitting bird will at once feign a broken wing to lure the intruder away, while her mate unobtrusively approaches from behind and settles himself on the eggs. In the belts of pine trees scattered here and there one may watch—rare sight in England!—a family of crossbills flying about the tree tops; in the clumps of gorse one may find a redpole's nest, and on the ponds one may meet families of gadwall and shoveller. This district has been aptly described as a naturalist's paradise, and a good account of it may be found in "Reclaiming the Waste," by Mr. P. Anderson Graham, from which I venture to quote the following passage: "It is inevitable that a wave of regret should touch one at the suggestion of invading these great spaces of Nature, and wresting from them economic advantages. Nevertheless, the spirit of the time is that of sacrifice. . . ."—G. B. HONY.

CROPPING A NARROW FRUIT TREE BORDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a border 2ft. wide by 50yd. long. There are fruit trees planted against the wall every 9ft.; it is facing south-east. Would it do to plant my earliest potatoes on? I was thinking of planting one row up the centre. I have been growing violets on it for some years.—JAMES JENKINS.

[No doubt early potatoes would grow very well in this situation, but it would be very bad for the fruit trees. If the fruit trees are expected to bear fruit the border should be kept clean and hoed over occasionally. We advise the removal of the violets. If the fruit trees are not worth consideration grub them up and plant potatoes; or early cabbage and salads might be grown, to be followed by sturdy tomato plants which should be put out about the middle of May.—ED.]

A FRIEND OF THE PLOVER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When, a few years ago, my friend, Mr. James Irving, now tenant at Hallyholme in Kirkmaiden Parish, Wigtownshire, N.B., was ploughing on his previous farm on the Glasserton Estate, he observed just in front of him a plover's nest with several eggs, which was obviously threatened with immediate destruction. He at once stopped the horses, carefully raised the nest from the ground and placed it, not too deeply, in another portion of the field that was already ploughed, and where he was assured it would be perfectly secure. After dinner, on returning to the scene of his labours, he found to his great joy that the birds had already, as if by natural instinct, discovered the nest and had tranquilly resumed their hatching operations, which afterwards proved a complete success. I may, perhaps, be permitted to record an experience of my own. On a warm summer afternoon, when, with my bicycle, I was toiling up a steep hill in this peninsular parish, I came upon a beautiful golden plover in the grass by the roadside that had evidently been wounded by striking—as wild birds occasionally do by way of tragic variety—the telegraph wires just overhead. I had, most fortunately, some boracic ointment in a small box in my pocket, which I at once applied carefully to the wound. I kept the exquisite bird in my hand for fully an hour, then, observing that it had greatly recovered, I gave it its freedom, when it flew away rejoicing to its favourite fields beside the moors.—DAVID R. WILLIAMSON.

THE QUANTITY OF FOOD A MAN CONSUMES.

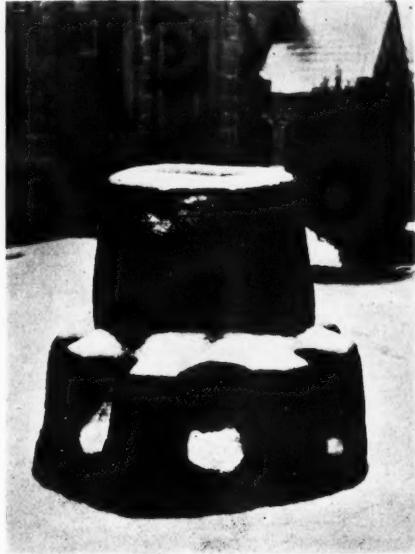
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At the present time, when so much is being said about quantities of food, the following from "Donavan's Domestic Economy" may be of interest: "Quantity of food consumed by a man.—The difference between eight ounces and a half of boiled meat and ten ounces appears very trivial; but if the greater of the two quantities be persevered in regularly every day for the term of a man's adult life of half a century, it may excite a little surprise in the person who practises it to learn that he will have consumed a flock of sheep consisting of about fifty-three head in excess above what he ought to have made use of. In a life of sixty-five years, allowing eight ounces and a half per day for fifty years, two-thirds of that quantity for ten years, and three ounces a day for three years of childhood, the total animal food amounts to 350 sheep. If to this be added the excess above mentioned, the number of sheep the cooked meat of which is devoured by one man during a life of sixty-five years is about 400, along with five tons of potatoes, about the same of turnips or other vegetables, nine tons weight of common drink, and six tons weight of wine at one pint a day for thirty years only; thus for dinner alone about thirty tons weight of solids and liquids must have passed through the stomach. Inordinate work will wear out any machinery before its time, especially if the work performed be of a peculiarly wearing character. Whether it is advisable to add the fifty-three unnecessary sheep to one's dinner is a question which every reader will answer to himself as he thinks proper. The food of old Parr, who died at 153 years of age, consisted of cheese, coarse bread, milk and small beer. Would it have made no difference in the duration of his life if he had swallowed 1,050 sheep, for about this number would have been his share at the usual rate, along with his twenty tons of wine? It may assist in drawing a conclusion to recollect that when he was brought to London and lived in splendour, 'fed high, and drank plentifully of the best wine,' he soon died; and his death was generally attributed to that cause, for he had vigour of body 'to have lived a while longer,' as the reporter says."—K. H.

THE RIPLEY "WEEPING - CROSS."
 [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—In the graveyard of Ripley Parish Church, which stands just opposite Ripley Castle, the Tudor seat of the Ingilbys, some four miles north of Harrogate, and on the north side of the church itself, is to be seen a "Weeping-Cross." It is a curious massive object carved out of stone, with recesses cut into the lower tier on which the penitents would kneel during their supplications, a somewhat cold and forbidding ordeal during such weather as prevailed when the writer recently visited the church, when the recesses were filled with snow. A hole still remains on the upper portion to admit the shaft of the cross, which

latter, however, I believe, has long since disappeared, although the base has been standing in the churchyard for some five hundred years. Archaeologists state that this particular relic of early British Christianity dates undoubtedly from the Roman occupation of our land, and must therefore be one of the most ancient objects of our faith extant in the kingdom, excluding, perhaps, converted Roman altars such as we have at Hexham Abbey. It is said to be unique in Yorkshire, but paralleled in our island by one or two other ex-



A RELIC OF EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES.

amples. The accompanying photograph will give an excellent specific idea of the pedestal of the Ripley "Weeping-Cross" midst the heavy winter snows of 1917.—EDWIN E. LE BAS.

AN UNIDENTIFIED CATERPILLAR.
 [TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—The "unidentified caterpillar," a photograph of which you published on March 10th, is that of the handsome goat moth, a large insect with a wing span of 4 in., having its wings marked by many delicate waved lines of dark brown running irregularly across a paler ground. The larva is strikingly coloured, as your correspondent describes, apricot tinted on the under surface, with a shiny black head, a dull, broad, reddish brown stripe along the back, and yellow legs. The larvae do much damage to timber, as the specific name of the creature, *Cossus ligniperda*, implies, for its period of larval life lasts for three or four years, and this, together with its large size (3 in. to 3½ in. long) and proportionate appetite, renders its tunnels in sound wood a source of great loss; indeed, the forester, especially in the southern areas of England, considers the goat moth caterpillar one of his most formidable enemies. As many as two hundred larvae have been found in a single tree, and it is estimated that a tree seriously attacked will be utterly honeycombed and killed in from six to ten years. Although your correspondent found his specimens in poplar, the caterpillars are also frequently met with in such trees as willow, lilac, ash, elm and oak. In these days of threatened scarcity of flesh food it may be recalled that the gourmets of ancient Rome cherished as a delicacy a certain large wood-boring larva found in the heart of oak trees and known to them as *cossus* or *cossus*. The larva was so highly esteemed that it was regularly fed for the table on meal. Whether this and the *cossus* of the modern entomologist is the same is a matter of doubt; but it is probable enough that the fat, juicy caterpillar of the goat moth would furnish as satisfactory a repast as the many varieties of insect larvae which are esteemed by experts elsewhere.—JAMES RITCHIE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I am inclined to the opinion that the caterpillar referred to by your correspondent, Mr. E. S. Austin, is not, as he suggests, the larva of any of the hawk moths, but that of the goat moth (*Cossus ligniperda*), so called on account of its disagreeable goat-like smell. The perfect insect is large and beautiful, occasionally measuring about four inches from tip to tip of the wings. The larva is said to be the *cossus* of Pliny, and was highly esteemed by Roman epicures of that time. It is dark reddish brown on the back, and flesh or apricot tinted on the under side, the head being jet black. *Cossus ligniperda* is the largest of the family *cossidae*, the larvae of which are wood feeders. Eating their way into the trunks of trees they carry on the work of devastation out of sight, and only betray their presence by the small opening in the bark and the dust or chips below. This particular larva lives in the tree for four years before pupating, and is said to cause the death of many valuable elms. It also feeds upon the wood of willow, poplar and oak. If your correspondent will kindly send me a few specimens to Craybrow, Lymm, Cheshire, I shall be pleased to have them—but—not for food. That question has not become sufficiently acute; but if there is no strict compliance with the Food Controller's allowances in regard to meat, etc., this source of supply may possibly be drawn upon. *Verba sapientia.*—OSWALD WILKINSON.

[Similar answers have also been sent in by W.M.E.F., H. A. King and W. H. Pratt.—ED.]

CHOWS WORRYING SHEEP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—With reference to the letter in COUNTRY LIFE from "Chow Lover," some years ago I had trouble with a young Chow who always chased sheep at sight, but I completely cured him by taking him every day to see sheep and giving him a rare hiding every time, scolding him, and saying "Ware sheep." After doing this for several days, the dog got to hate the sight of sheep, and is now absolutely "sheep proof," running among them and never even looking at them. I have kept Chows for ten years, and when my puppies reach about five or six months I take them to see sheep and scold them, and have no trouble whatever with them after; but with an older dog I am sure that nothing except a good beating, combined with scolding, will have any effect. If this fails, which I hardly think it will if carried out by a person of determined character, putting the dog in with a ram or a ewe with lambs will teach him a lesson; but this is rather a drastic method, and I personally have never had to resort to it.—ANOTHER CHOW LOVER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—Your correspondent "Chow Lover" asks in COUNTRY LIFE, February 17th, for a remedy for sheep-worrying. As his dogs are so young there should be every hope of being able to cure them, but the method must be a drastic one and some risk taken, or they will continue their pastime as a hobby! The plan most favoured by our moorland shepherds in North Yorkshire is to muzzle the offender and then to turn it loose into a yard, from which neither can escape, in company with a moor-ewe and her lamb. It must be borne in mind that a moor-ewe will get over a stone wall 5 ft. in height, and a frightened dog can achieve wonders also. It is wise to provide some shelter where the lamb can lie safe during the rough and tumble onslaughts of the ewe and the frantic efforts of the dog to escape. The ewe must be a mountain one whose courage is equal to its activity, and after a couple of hours spent in each other's company the dog has usually had quite enough teaching to make him treat sheep with the utmost respect for the rest of his life. The present time of year affords the required opportunity for putting this plan into action. Our ewes are mostly of the black-faced tribe, and all have horns. Another method is to attach the dog securely, after being muzzled, to an old moorland tup, not more than a foot of rope being allowed between them, and then let them loose in a small paddock. They should be released when thoroughly blown.—KITTIWAKE.

SNAPSHOTS FROM INDIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR.—I enclose a photograph of our camp buffalo, which is one of the most important members of our party, while touring in a district in the Deccan, India. She marches anything from fourteen miles to twenty miles when we move camp every few days, while her calf travels in a cart. She gives eight seers of milk daily, which is about sixteen pints, seldom varying much in the amount even after a long march. She is gentle and good tempered, and has an enormous appetite, eating large quantities of cotton seed and oilcake, besides grass. I also enclose a photograph of women drawing water at a village well, early one morning in December, at Kunpurgaum, Deccan. I thought it possible your readers might be interested in one or both of these photographs, if you care to publish them.—M. N. DE FREVILLE.



A GOOD MILKER AND HER OFFSPRING.



A MORNING SCENE IN A DECCAN VILLAGE.

[March 17th, 1917.]

A WORD FOR THE LANDOWNER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You, in common with others, overlook the fact that the onus of the tithe being upon the owner, his rent is, in consequence of the rise in the tithe rent charge, being steadily and seriously *decreased*.—W. POWELL BREACH (Lieutenant).

[We did not overlook the effect of the increased tithe, but it was scarcely germane to the argument that the encouragement of the landlord would mean better cultivation.—ED.]

INTERED ALLIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—From time to time I have seen photographs of regimental pets in your Correspondence columns and therefore enclose photographs of two of our pets at Groningen which I think may be of some interest. The bulldog, "Nigger," is the pet of the First Royal Naval Brigade, interned in Holland after the fall of Antwerp in 1914. The notice on his kennel reads as follows:

"NIGGER."

Born 14th August 1911. Breeder, Mr. E. Harman. Wins 3 firsts and 3 specials, Alexandra Park Show, London, April 1913. Presented to the First Royal Naval Brigade, Groningen, by The Westminster Tobacco Coy. Ltd.

The other photograph is of the pet of some Belgian artillerymen living in this camp, also interned at the same time.—JEFF.

RABITS
FOR
PROFIT.

THE EDITOR.
SIR,—As we have kept rabbits for some time I have read with interest C. J. Davies' article on "Rabbit Feeding." In it he states that potatoes are not suitable, and that raw peel is most injurious. I should like to know the reason for

THE BELGIAN'S CAMP PET.

this statement as we have always given ours the raw peelings; in fact, it is one of the winter foods with the very small potatoes. We find that pea haulm given too fresh is inclined to give scours, and is therefore better given when "harvested" for a bit. During the spring and summer months the garden produce is much helped with sow thistle, and by excursions along the country lanes and picking wild parsley and hogweed, of all of which they are very fond. Now and again if the rabbits are at all out of sorts a little piece of broom or, where that is not procurable, a dockleaf is very good for medicinal purposes. We also give bran to the young ones, particularly during the winter. Belgian hares are a very profitable breed—we have had very good results from our two does, as on an average they have seven or eight in a litter which have all grown into nice large rabbits.—ELEANOR SHIFFNER.

[*"Veterinary Toxicology"* (Lander) says: "The unripe and green potato contains dangerous quantities of solanine, and old and rotten or sprouting tubers which have been kept for a long time are also dangerous; moreover, the alkaloid is most abundant in the 'eyes' and in the skin. Since, however, the potato is usually boiled, in which case the alkaloid passes into the water, poisoning in the human species is rare." Other books corroborate. There follows the description of symptoms of potato poisoning in pigs, horses, etc. The present writer has never ventured to give these tubers or parts of them to rabbits, having poisoned



A BRITISHER IN HOLLAND.

some guinea pigs with peelings some years ago. The poison is a slow and cumulative one, and the animals received the peelings for a week (as part of their food) before becoming seriously ill with diarrhoea, etc. It very small quantities only are used it is probable that the illness occasioned would be so slight as to be almost unnoticed. Personally, however, I prefer to run no risks.—C. J. D.]

LEATHER MUGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

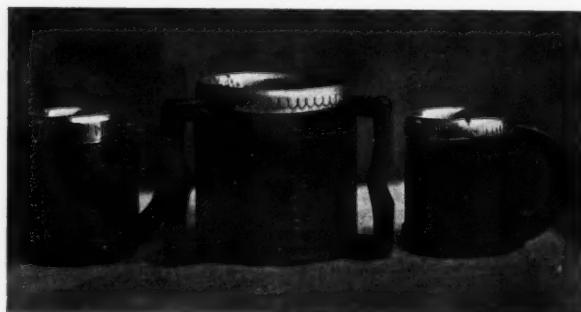
SIR,—I enclose a photograph of three rare leather mugs. In the Sussex Archaeological Collections for 1864 a writer on leather bottles and mugs states that he had only come across two mugs (a pair) and that was twenty years before. One was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries the same year, but nothing is said in either case about their having verses on them. The pair of small ones formerly belonged to a local celebrity, John Oliver of High Down Hill, near Worth-

ing, an eccentric miller, who built his tomb on the Downs thirty years before he died. The mugs have pewter rims engraved, "Oliver Miller, 1764, High Down Hill," and have the following verses painted on them.

On High Down Hill there stands a Mill
The Miller is honest you will find
For He takes Toll from all both great and small
Who send Him Their Corn for to grind.

Money makes the Mare to go
And so it does the Mill
An Honest Man will pay when he can
But a Rogue he never Will.

The three-handled mug, or "tyg," as it was no doubt called, was dug up at Enstone in Oxfordshire, but is in fine condition. It has a pewter rim, the



GOOD LEATHER TO HOLD GOOD BEER.

engraving being apparently filled with pitch. In this case the inscription is incised:

God Speed the Plow
Mistress And Master
God save King George
Here's to Plowman That plows
The Sower that sows
The reaper that Reaps
The mower That mows
The Milkmaid that milks
Shepherd that sheres
Brewer that brews
When he brews us Good beers

On the bottom is incised: "J. Jolly, Enstone."

Unfortunately there is no date.
CHARLES G. J. PORT, F.S.A.

HIBERNATING DORMICE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—During the period of hibernation dormice sleep very soundly, and in the cold weather they may be handled without their showing any sign of wakefulness. When photographing these, however, one was picked up, and upon being held in the hand for a few moments, it stretched its legs and slightly uncurled its tail, being possibly affected by the warmth of the hand. When returned to its nest it quickly resumed its ball-like attitude with tail curled over its head as shown in the photograph.—O. F. T.



ROUNDED WITH A SLEEP.